New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LV · No. 1402 SATURDAY · 25 JANUARY 1958 NINEPENCE

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London Diary

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The Bank and Mrs Campbell

'We are satisfied that there is no shred of evidence . . .' This refrain runs monotonously through the pages of the Parker Report. Everyone will agree that, on the facts before them, the Tribunal was right in deciding that no case of corrupt practice had been made out against anyone. In the last resort, as the report makes clear, the Tribunal was merely asked to express an opinion. 'In a situation of this nature'—it says in reference to Mr W. J. Keswick—'where conduct and documents are capable either of an innocent or a sinister explanation, the only course is to reach a conclusion upon a dispassionate appraisal of the character and truthfulness of the person whose conduct is under enquiry.' They were right in emphasising the candid truthfulness of Mr Keswick's statement that he was embarrassed by his double position as a member of a private firm and a director of the Bank. They pondered the question whether in fact any firm profited by inside knowledge and decided that on this occasion no such profit was made. But, rightly, they add that this problem of dual loyalty is one for parliament.

So much for the report itself. Far more important, in our view, are the 'Minutes of Evidence' (published at the unreasonably high price of £2) and the strange, indeed alarming, picture they present of our central financial institution at work. At the time the events under scrutiny occurred, this country—and with it the entire Sterling Area—was in the midst of what Mr Nigel Birch has since described as 'the worst financial crisis in my experience'. Wreathed in mists of cigar smoke, the arbiters of our economic destinies ponderously responded to the challenge: in cosy chats in the recesses of large cars, over the grouse moors of Scotland, at City luncheons and country house parties, the decisions took place, being finally implemented in a flurry of frantic telephone calls. At one stage some economists appear to have been consulted; at another, the Treasury seems to have set up an expert committee. At no point, however, was there any attempt to collate expert evidence and opinion, and elaborate a reasoned policy by a process of systematic deliberation. Indeed, the actual decision to raise Bank rate, and the identity of the persons who took it, is still shrouded in mystery. Certainly the part-time members of the Court, whose alleged justification is that they provide the Bank with the benefit of City opinion, were not consulted; they were merely informed afterwards.

As for the decision itself, it does not seem to have been based on any analysis of Treasury figures—themselves inadequate—let alone highly relevant information from overseas sources; like Topsy, it 'just grew', fed by scraps of conversation, readings of City columns, and vague instincts about 'the feeling in the City'. The overwhelming impression, derived from a reading of the minutes, is that the financial policy of the Sterling Area is settled in an atmosphere of amateurish frivolity. The lay reader may well be pardoned for thinking that the reasoning process whereby the Bank and Mrs Campbell conclude that Bank rate ought to go up is, in all essentials, identical.

In analysing this sombre picture, and in drawing political morals from it, the Labour Party must at all costs resist the temptation to pursue appetising red herrings. The issue is not the Chancellor's right to brief journalists and party machines on impending changes; indeed, this practice is on the whole justified by results, and one which, in the future, the Labour Party will find extremely useful. Equally, the wisdom of employing part-time directors whose loyalty to sterling is, on their own admission, doubtful, is not the point on which Labour's main attack should be deployed. The principal issue is the almost total inability of the existing policy-making mechanism, both in the Bank and the Treasury, to deal with the recurrent crises of the magnitude which today confront the Sterling Area. In the light of the evidence, we know that the hand-to-mouth way in which sterling has lived since the war is not so much a reflection of British productivity, but of the absence of any coherent economic philosophy in the central organs which control the supply and cost of money. The party should therefore concentrate its efforts, both in the immediate future and when it returns to office, on providing the ailing body of our economy with the instrument it now so conspicuously lacks: a brain.

Comments on the Week's News

Salazar's Savagery

As this journal predicted, Salazar's political police (PIDE) are now systematically persecuting the Portuguese democrats who took part in last November's 'elections'. The object is both to 'punish' critics of the regime and to intimidate the potential opposition for the forthcoming presidential election in May. The opposition printing firm in Aveiro has been raided and is now under police supervision. The opposition HQ in Oporto has also been raided and all documents seized. Professors Azevedo Gomes and Camara Reis have both been called to police headquarters and ordered to disband their democratic clubs. Nikias Scapinakis, an opposition candidate in Lisbon, has been dismissed from his job as a government teacher. In Almada, Barreiro and Montijo, police have carried out house-searches on a vast scale, and made a number of arrests. Judge Sebastiao Ribeiro, the author of a book, *Seis Casos*, critical of the regime, has been arrested. In Pinhal Novo, police raided the house of Sn. Rolando Verdial, taking away all his books and correspondence, and arresting both him and a young liberal, Señora Yvone Lourenco, who was there at the time. In Montemor-o-Novo, Couco and other villages in the Alentejo area, many agricultural labourers have been arrested. So has Sn. Jose Carlos of Beja, who is now in solitary confinement in the prison of Aljube, where he is being tortured by the PIDE. In the prison of Caxias, the life of Señora Georgette Ferreira is in danger; though seriously ill, the authorities have refused her medical treatment. In the fortress of Peniche, Alvaro Cunhal, Manuel Guedes, Joaquim Campino, Manuel da Silva and other well-known political figures have been tortured; and in the same prison the journalist David de Carvalho is mentally ill. This week, Captain Henrique Galvao and Dr Felipe Mendes are due to be tried in the political court in Lisbon. Galvao was a supporter of Salazar and a member of the Assembly. In 1947 he was sent to Angola to report on conditions; as a result of his revelations of the Angolan slave-system, and his repeated request that the government publish his report, he was dismissed from his post, and eventually arrested in 1951. This trial is likely to be a complete farce unless British newspapers, many of which have representatives in Lisbon, demand the right to attend the proceedings.

Up or Down?

President Eisenhower's economic report to Congress makes light of the present recession. The current decline, he says, 'need not be prolonged', and he suggests that the problem now facing the US economy is simply how to restart expansion without promoting a new inflationary swing. This is true, but it is more simply stated than done. The decline in the last months of 1957 was greater in terms of output than in terms of money: the greater part of the 5 per cent. rise in national income last year was due to price increases. The problem is how to secure higher output and greater investment at a time when business expects the market to go on shrinking, at least for several months. Cheaper money can play some part in this; so too can tax cuts, the sovereign remedy that Congress seeks to apply to both inflation and deflation, especially in an election year. But any substantial upswing must depend upon increased defence spending, and this will take time to make itself felt. The only immediate effect of the new defence projects announced by the President two weeks ago will be to restore confidence that the boom days may come back once Congress appropriates the money and the orders are placed. But Congress cannot have bigger defence spending, tax cuts and a balanced budget. If it wants the first two, it must allow the administration to start deficit financing again, and this will involve legislation to raise the legal limit on the national debt. It therefore seems probable that the uncertainty about the course of the American economy will continue for some months – a period in which it can have quite severe consequences for Europe.

Elections in South Africa

Everything that happens in South Africa during the next three months must be seen in the context of April's general election. The short pre-election parliamentary session which opened this week has already set the tone by proposing legislation to impose the death penalty for armed robbery. The Nationalists will try to impress the white electorate with their unique capacity for holding the front against the dangerous attacks of the Non-European hordes. They are already concentrating their forces in Zeerust, where African women are demonstrating against the imposition of the pass laws, and on the Mamathola tribe, which is resisting compulsory removal. They will play on fears of African violence in urban areas; and, although they have not yet managed to make much capital out of the treason trial, may well whip up publicity about it in the next few weeks. The opposition United Party is at present shouting loudly to keep up the courage of its supporters, and, for the same purpose, moving rapidly in an anti-liberal direction. Its main business leaders are still frightened of the effects of apartheid on industrial labour and consumer demand. In spite of their strength in the wealthy urban suburbs, they are likely to lose even more heavily than in the 1953 elections; for it is the Nationalists who arrange electoral conditions. After the election the health of Mr Strydom will become a focal issue. If, as seems likely, the Prime Minister retires, another struggle within the Nationalist Party is certain. Mr Donges, Minister of the Interior, supported by the aged Dr Malan and the Cape Nationalists, will make another bid for the leadership. He is likely to be defeated again by the Transvaal section, unless the latter fail to agree on a single candidate from the three contenders, Verwœrd, Swart and Louw. It is even possible that, if Donges is defeated as he was previously by Strydom, a new alignment could emerge between him and the right wing of the United Party. If the Nationalists and U.P. were to split once more, political bastions would crack, leaving a gap for a new liberal assault.

NEXT WEEK

R. H. S. Crossman
Two Kinds of Communism

John Berger
LCC and the Art Schools

The Bahamian Crisis

The familiar pattern of striking colonial workers and landing British troops is now being repeated in the Bahamas. Behind the usual picture of racial discrimination and poverty among the workers who provide luxurious comfort to American and British tourists, there lie two hidden issues. On the one hand, there is a struggle within the labour movement for control of the trade unions; on the other, accumulated political frustration within an archaic constitution. The labour legislation of the Bahamas is the most outdated of any British colony, excluding even the right of association guaranteed by the International Labour Organisation. In the efforts to build an industrial movement it is perhaps inevitable that personal and political ambitions will develop. But deeper than the industrial issues lies a concentrated anger against the small group of businessmen who have used the property-dominated franchise to maintain their political oligarchy. The constitution itself is controlled by the House of Assembly and can be abrogated, but not reformed, by Britain. The attempt to build trade unions and fight for labour rights in such a situation of political frustration may well produce an explosion. There is now only one adequate answer to the degenerate political, economic and social conditions of the Bahamas: a Royal Commission should be appointed to report on every aspect of a situation which provokes such deep and widespread discontent.

Indonesia's Economy

The Indonesian-Japanese Treaty, signed in Djakarta this week, ends the state of war between the two countries. Japan waives her claims to a total of £134m for trade debts and the economic co-operation agreement, and undertakes to supply Indonesia with goods and services worth £80m, spread over 12 years as reparations. Japan is not the only country to profit by Holland's stubborn policy. Dr Zairin Zain, Indonesia's able young ambassador in West Germany, is in Djakarta to discuss technical co-operation with Bonn. Poland, one of many countries which offered ships for Indonesia's inter-insular shipping lines when the Dutch withdrew theirs, is expected to arrange terms for the transfer of new craft next month. Last week, the Indonesian parliament debated a new bill ratifying a credit agreement of $100m from the Ex-im Bank in Washington and the acceptance of a Soviet loan of the same value. While the Indonesians are remaking their shattered economy, President Sukarno has won support for his West Irian claims in India, Egypt, Yugoslavia and Pakistan. At the same time he has tried to persuade Mr Macmillan that Indonesian success in West Irian would neither threaten Australia nor embarrass Britain. Seventy-one prominent Dutch have now demanded that Holland should initiate an 'open and radical discussion' with Indonesia on the status of West Irian. They argue that West Irian should be included within the sphere of international technical assistance. All this suggests something very different from the simple picture of Communist revolution painted in the popular British press: the *Manchester Guardian* is to be congratulated on an informative series of articles written from the spot.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Petal Paper

Whatever you may hear about the State of Mississippi, don't dismiss it from the Free World until you've had a chance to read the *Petal Paper*. A one-man weekly published for the towns of Petal and Hattiesburg, this unique throwback to the Mark Twain era of personal journalism has been carrying on a war of gentle wit, not so gentle ridicule, and wholly unpretentious courage against the worst follies of the deep South.

P. D. East, who with his wife makes up the staff of the *Petal Paper*, feels that 1957 was a pretty dull year – 'To the best of my knowledge no one has offered to kill me'. Hodding Carter, a distinguished, if rather more conventional Mississippi editor, long ago predicted that East would either get a Pulitzer prize or be run out of town on a rail – not that these eventualities need be mutually exclusive. So far neither has occurred, though he is clearly entitled to both honours.

The front page of a recent issue of the little tabloid features several items typical of Mr East's irreverent attitude. One of the questions frequently put to him, he writes by way of a news item, is whether he would want his daughter to marry a Negro. 'Heavens no!' is the answer. 'We've nothing against Negroes.' A more pertinent question he suggests, would be: 'Do you want your daughter to marry a Faubus?' To a critic who asks: 'When is your state going to catch up with Alabama and Arkansas?' he answers that the question involves 'the all-out race in these parts to see who can attain complete and total assdom first'. With the legislature about to convene, East puts his money on his native Mississippi: 'For, and consider this, it is not true that the Lord and the US constitution giveth and the state legislature taketh away?' Along with such titbits, most issues carry a serious column or two – sometimes by a prominent Negro writer like Langston Hughes, and often a Washington report by Robert G. Spivack of the liberal *New York Post*.

Mr East's editorial column, as distinct from the 'news', reflects a warmth and a droll self-disparagement which probably have saved him from having his head cracked by infuriated local Klansmen. Correcting inaccuracies in a preceding issue, he will add, 'Seems it's just got to where you can't believe a word you read in this sheet'. Or he will start a comment off with 'Being a southerner, born and ruined. . . .' But always, somewhere in the column, will be the satiric thrust, the telling jab. He will dryly report, for example, that Mississippi Southern College had two Christmas trees and then add, 'separate but equal, I guess. Seems it would have saved money, yours and mine, to have had one tree, with white and black lights on it'.

Satire is East's dish, and the broader the better. He once solemnly called for the formation of a 'Bigger and Better Bigots Bureau' for all those who are ready 'to strike a blow for the sweet magnolia'. But perhaps his most notable feat in this field was the full-page advertisement he ran in the spring of 1956, when his county was first threatened with a unit of the rampaging White Citizens Councils. 'Suh, Here's Sweet Music!' the copy started off: 'Yes, You too can be SUPERIOR. Join the Glorious Citizens Clan Next Thursday night.' Below, in a box were listed the ten freedoms available to members, including 'freedom to interpret the constitution to your own personal advantage' and 'freedom to be superior without brain, character, or principle'. Threats poured in and advertising petered out. East let it go and dismissed all direct pressure with the pointed injunction, 'Go to hell in a bucket'. The excitement soon died down, but the Council never got far in Forrest County.

Since then, Mr East appears to have won a kind of immunity, even acceptance, along with a healthy quota of ads. The Christmas issue, in fact, was about three-quarters advertising, including paid greetings from such local dignitaries as the sheriff, the prosecuting attorney, and the whole county Board of Supervisors. Subscriptions have been coming in from all over the country: a Swedish paper ran a feature story on him, and a Hamburg radio station devoted an hour to his paper. East himself appeared on a national television programme, but with saving grace, he refused to take his growing reputation seriously.

ROBERT BENDINER

Paris

A Choice of Myths

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last week, M. Gaillard underwent a series of public and personal crises: in the Assembly he was forced to make the vote on the ex-servicemen's budget – always a tricky affair – an issue of confidence; in the Senate, which has a right-wing majority, the Algerian framework law seemed in peril; and at a ritzy clinic in Neuilly, his wife was having a baby. On top of all this, there was a serious incident on the Tunisian border. Near Sakiet Sidi Youssef, FLN forces killed 12 French soldiers, wounded a number of others, and took five prisoners. The army communiqué stated that the Nationalists came from across the Tunisian border and afterwards returned there with their prisoners. It is an ill wind, as they say: the incident gave Gaillard an opportunity to play upon anti-Tunisian feeling in France and, by a demonstration of 'firmness', to get majorities in both the Assembly and the Senate. For five days, all the papers carried banner headlines announcing strong French protests in Tunis, and attacking Bourguiba for his refusal to receive the special envoy Gaillard had dispatched to threaten him. As expected, this diplomatic pantomime achieved the desired results: the government got its confidence vote in the Assembly by a majority of 20, and the Senate passed the framework law without amendments. (Madame Gaillard, for her part, presented the Premier with a small daughter, Isabella.)

The Tunisians, however, are tired of being used by French governments as a whipping-boy in order to bolster up crumbling majorities. Bourguiba counter-attacked vigorously this time. He was not, he said, willing to receive Gaillard's envoy, General Buchalet (he had commanded French troops in Tunisia during the protectorate, and his selection for a mission of this kind was a calculated insult), because he was not a suitable person to be entrusted with a diplomatic communication. He immediately held consultations with the US and Moroccan ambassadors, and last Saturday, for the first time, he publicly requested the formation of an international force to police the Tunisian-Algerian border. He was, he said, still a friend of France, but he could no longer tolerate French troops burning Tunisian villages, and accusing his government of aiding the rebels each time they staged a successful raid near the border. He repeated that the prisoners taken at Sakiet Sidi Youssef were still in Algeria. On Monday, the Tunisian weekly *L'Action* produced documentary evidence that Bourguiba is right: it published photographs of the prisoners together with an eye-witness account of Libyan and German journalists who were present during the ambush and who talked to the prisoners. To clinch matters, a representative of the Red Cross has now arrived in Tunis and the FLN has agreed to conduct him to Algerian territory and allow him to see the prisoners.

The French case has thus collapsed, but the incident is likely to be remembered because it led to Bourguiba's demand for international supervision. If the French authorities are correct in their contention that the Nationalists use bases in Tunisia to carry out raids on the Algerian side of the 'Morice Line', there seems no reason why France should oppose this. But the fact is, the French attitude is self-contradictory. The government maintains that the Algerian revolt is a purely internal affair, but at the same time it is constantly emphasising its international aspects, in order to explain away its continued failure to achieve a decisive military solution. This week's seizure of a Yugoslav cargo-boat off the Algerian coast is a case in point. The ship's captain cannot be accused of carrying contraband, for he was not in French territorial waters and his manifest was in order. Clearly France cannot demand the right to search all ships in the Mediterranean carrying arms; and if it is correct that all weapons landed in Tunis or Casablanca eventually find their way to the Algerian Nationalists, then the case for international frontier control is even stronger. France must choose which myth she wishes to believe: the myth of successful pacification, the myth of Lacoste's *denier quart d'heure*, the myth that 'Algeria is part of France' – or the realities of a war which grows more complex and widespread every day.

Westminster

Carry On, Jeeves

Outside, along Whitehall, the evening-newspaper bills were forecasting a storm. But the storm did not come. In fact, considering what was in the air, the atmosphere in the Chamber immediately after the recess was remarkably peaceful.

Perhaps the most interesting sight was the face of Mr Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Defence. It wore what seemed to be a deeply satisfied grin. It looked as self-contained as the face of a cat which has lately tasted cream. It was in some contrast to another face which protruded, unusually, from the corner seat in the third row below the gangway, the famous resignation seat for so long occupied by the late Mr Walter Elliot, who had never resigned in his life. Now it was occupied by Mr Peter Thorneycroft who sat with folded arms, occasionally flashing his teeth at some sally, but otherwise taking no part in the proceedings.

Was there some cause and effect here? While Scottish members engaged in their usual Tuesday frolic of throwing snowballs, some of which concealed stones, at assorted Under-Secretaries of State, the English members glanced slyly from Sandys to Thorneycroft and back again to Sandys and pondered. Meanwhile, a rather wan looking figure, in short black coat and striped trousers, sat

heedlessly opposite the Dispatch Box, fiddling with a sheaf of papers. Some aloof don, perhaps, waiting to drone through a lecture? Or a bored outside expert waiting the summons to present a routine report? It was Mr R. A. Butler.

By and by, about three o'clock, the Highland Games ended, and it was time for questions to the Prime Minister. 'I', said Mr Butler in his flattest voice, 'have been asked to reply'. The voice was so flat, so bland, that titters which the Opposition had been gleefully storing up were stifled the moment they gasped the air. Mr Butler, tilting his right foot until the toe pointed like a ballet dancer's, briskly read a series of answers which contained little real content; but the tone in which he read them was so reasonable that questioners felt it would be churlish even to look dissatisfied.

Once Mr Aneurin Bevan did try to extract a little more precision but even he was baffled by the tone. For, whatever the words of Mr Butler's reply may have meant, his tone said as clearly as could be: 'You are one of the most intelligent men in the House. If I may say so, I entirely agree with your point. Leave it with me and I'll see it's dealt with'. Could disarmament – perhaps I had better not say appeasement – go further? Mr Bevan subsided, and questions to the Acting Prime Minister came to an end. Mr Butler sat back neatly on the Treasury Bench, and the Speaker called on the Home Secretary.

At this, Mr R. A. Butler uncrossed his legs, rose to the Dispatch Box, tilted his right foot until the toe was pointed like a ballet dancer's, and dealt with those Hungarian stowaways over whom the evening papers were forecasting their storm. Mr Butler not only announced that the stowaways could stay here permanently after all, but said that he was so dissatisfied with some of the arrangements for dealing with stowaways in general that he was making full inquiries and would report to the House in due course. After that no one had anything to say; so the Speaker called on the Leader of the House.

At that Mr R. A. Butler uncrossed his legs, rose to the Dispatch Box, tilted his right foot until the toe pointed like a ballet dancer's, and proceeded to deal with changes in government business and to announce that the Leak Tribunal report would be available in 20 minutes time. When Mr Gaitskell asked about a debate on this report, Mr Butler permitted a flicker of expression to crease his Jeeves-like urbanity. The House would perhaps need a little time to digest the report before debating it, he said; and the delicacy of emphasis with which he underlined the word 'digest' again stifled incipient titters.

After that members drifted thoughtfully out to tea, leaving Mr Lennox-Boyd to beat the air in an empty Chamber. No one asked when Mr Macmillan would be back.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

Down South

The reconciliation between Dr Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary has been well publicised. Whether the Pole has at last succeeded in bringing the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail* together is another matter. Ever since the *Mail* first despatched Noel Barber to the Pole – since when he has become one of its most regular visitors, more or less dropping in for lunch whenever the mood takes him – the *Express* has been sulking. Trips to the Pole, is has announced, are so little enterprising as to be not worth a really great paper's bother. In fact it recently decided to demonstrate its journalistic contempt for such enterprise by offering a journey to the Pole (by air of course) as a prize in a competition. However the *Express* came out of its sulks sufficiently to send an *Express* man-on-the-spot for the Fuchs arrival, though he could not by any means compete with the old Antarctic hand Barber in the detail of his story. Reuters, the *Daily Telegraph* and, of course, *The Times* special correspondent, anonymous and immensely knowledgeable, completed the British team at the polar press conference.

The *Express's* frayed nerves are significant. One cannot imagine it showing its chagrin so blatantly as it has done over this polar story in the days when Christiansen was still editor and Beaverbrook was more concerned with making news than writing history. In those days of bounding success the *Express* did not bother to admit publicly the existence of rivals – even although in private Beaverbrook was always more concerned with what the *Mail* was doing than with the achievements of any other paper.

However, frayed nerves are the common wear in Fleet Street just now as competition hots up. This is the charitable, perhaps too charitable, excuse for some of the depths to which various newspapers have lately been sinking. How low these depths have become was forcefully brought out a day or two ago in a letter to *The Times* from a friend of the murdered 18-year-old Dutch girl Mary Kriek. Within five minutes of the terrible news of the murder reaching the girl's home in Holland, reporters from the majority of the British national dailies were at the house, some of them even forcing their way into the murdered girl's bedroom before being thrown out. When her father and sister came to England to identify her body they were met at the dock gates at Harwich by a sordid caravanserai of press cars, crammed with photographers. These cars not only trailed them to the house where they were staying, but photographers leaned out of the car windows to take flashlight photographs of the two of them trying to shield themselves from public curiosity in the back. When it was known that they were leaving the house to see the girl's body, attempts were made to try to get pictures of their reaction to their first view of the murdered girl.

Maybe I am getting old. Possibly I should be congratulating those gentlemen of the press on their enterprise. If so I prefer to be out of date. Their conduct seems to me nauseating and contemptible: a disgrace to journalism. The excuse usually given on such occasions is that the high-minded journalists and press photographers involved conduct themselves in this way much against their will but have no option because they are under orders from wicked editors and news-

'Whatever it is, we're against it.'

paper proprietors. This is poppycock. Of course on a number of papers they are under such pressure, and proprietors must bear a heavy responsibility. But a profession whose individual members lack the courage and self-respect to stand up for decent standards of professional conduct – even if at some risk to themselves – has no right to expect public respect or consideration. No doubt this particular matter will come before the Press Council. But it ought to be taken up by the NUJ and the Institute of Journalists. This is a matter in which individual journalists must accept responsibility.

In the old days of reporting only top people like murderers, confidence tricksters or petty gangsters could expect to twang the heart strings of a newspaper to the tune of real money. Now benevolence gushes out on the slightest provocation, not even waiting to be invited, especially, if young love is involved. Consider for instance newspaper practice, in the case of the girl with a hole in her heart and her Italian soldier lover. Reporters anxious to carry the news of their reunion to their eager readers found that one party to the romance was in the possession of one newspaper and the other party to it in the possession of another. This delicate situation not only left those dependent on mere reporting skill out in the cold but led to some delay in the meeting of the two young lovers while the high contracting parties entered into negotiation to make sure that neither should slip a fast one over on the other.

When the young Italian soldier, Private Giulio Comparini – henceforward to be known of course in all popular prints as Romeo – arrived at London Airport almost a free fight developed around him before the *Daily Sketch* was able to assert its rights over its property and get him into a car. This was at once chased by a procession of automobiles chartered by the other reporters. They found themselves in due course finishing up outside the *Daily Sketch*, into which the young Italian private was whisked with all despatch. However let no one deny that charity exists in Fleet Street. The *Daily Sketch* bore them no ill-wind for their attempt to rob it of its rightful property. Cups of tea were carried out to the poor newshounds at the door as they waited on in the hope that just a few crumbs might be dropped from the rich man's table.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

A Chance in Cyprus?

I HAVE just returned from some days in Cyprus, working in many parts of the island with a BBC camera-team and talking, in the main, not to the Cypriot leaders but to the ordinary people in the streets – both Greek and Turkish. My sharpest impression is of the changed atmosphere among the Greeks since Sir Hugh Foot's arrival a couple of months ago. True, Sir John Harding had, as early as last summer, reaped the harvest of a truce from Eoka; but he could never live down the hatred which his methods had evoked from the whole Greek population. The new governor, by his affability, his appearance of fair-mindedness, his personal courage in mixing with the people, and his dramatic gesture of a Christmas amnesty for 100 prisoners from the detention camps, has provided a much needed tonic. The natural ebullience of the Greek Cypriot is suddenly restored. But there is still no solution to the problem of Cyprus.

Indeed, as the clouds of terror and suspicion lift, the light shines more clearly on the basic dilemma which confronts us. Again and again, the Greeks told me of their liking for the new governor and their confidence in his recent visit to London. Confidence in exactly what?, I would ask. In a just solution, of course – the return of the Archbishop and immediate negotiations about Enosis. And again and again it was born in on me that Foot's personal success was putting a rod in pickle for himself. It is inconceivable that the new policy, when it comes, won't disappoint the hopes that he has raised. Yet had he not, by the very act of behaving like a gentleman, raised these hopes, the weight of suspicion would have remained too great to give the seeds of reconciliation any chance of sprouting.

The truth is that the Cyprus problem is long past any simple solution. No doubt, the Turkish bogy was originally conjured up by Britain in a desperate attempt to preserve for our exclusive use a military base – which, since Suez, everybody can see has largely lost its value. But the bogy now exists and cannot be ignored. The simple, democratic and, until recently, practicable solution – self-government, followed quickly by self-determination according to the wishes of the majority – is now not on; the consequences of trying it would be further bloodshed – and more serious than that which accompanied the Eoka revolt of the last two years, because this time it would be communal as well as anti-British. This Tuesday's demonstrations in Nicosia, when for the first time Turkish rioters clashed with the police, should warn us that in any future outbreak of terrorism the Turks will not be content to stand on the side-lines and watch.

What then is the case of this relatively small minority who claim so comprehensive a right of obstruction? That the Turks in Cyprus have now been roused to a genuine and deep fear of the Greeks, cannot be doubted. But 'partition' is a catch-phrase, foisted on them from Ankara and never seriously thought of, even there, until Mr Lennox-Boyd incomprehensibly blurted it out in London. I have spoken recently to a good many Turkish Cypriots about partition, and it is clear that few of them have thought seriously what would be involved. Consider, for instance, the practical problem: where should the line be drawn? We should have the northern half of the island, closest to the mainland, say the Turkish spokesmen. But why? They have no valid historical claim to it; and here, as everywhere else in Cyprus, they are in a minority. What sort of justice is it that partitions a country against the wishes of the majority of the inhabitants on *both* sides of the partition line?

Even if it were conceded that Turkish fears, both for the well-being of the Turkish Cypriots and for the security of the Turkish mainland, were so well based as to make the illogicality of such a solution acceptable, how would it be accomplished? Look at the figures: out of the 623 villages in the island, 393 are wholly Greek; 115 are wholly Turkish; and 115 are mixed. Of the mixed villages, only 23 are predominantly Turkish. Moreover – apart from a mountainous area of the island, which is sparsely populated and almost entirely Greek – the Turkish, Greek and mixed villages are dotted about without any sort of racial or geographical pattern. Wherever a partition line were to be drawn, both sections of the island would contain a Greek majority and a sizeable Turkish minority. The project would, in other words, be senseless unless it were followed by a mass movement of populations. Such a shattering upheaval could be justified only in circumstances of the gravest emergency when all the rule of law had gone. Palestine does not offer a very happy augury.

Whatever may be true of the Turkish leaders and their more sophisticated following in the bazaars, I find it hard to believe that the Turkish peasants who have lived, and in most cases are still living, in peace and reasonable amity with their Greek neighbours, would take kindly to the uprooting of their homes and the breaking of ancient ties. If, under the pressure of propaganda, they were induced to suffer such a self-inflicted wound, I cannot see why the Greeks should be forced to suffer the same. Yet that would almost inevitably follow from the partition of this mixed up island, not least because history suggests that Greek has just as much to fear from the Turk as Turk from Greek.

I am far from suggesting that the fears and suspicions of the Turks are unreasonable. But I have been driven to the conclusion that the partition of Cyprus is absurd as a concept and would, if in the face of common sense it were ever carried out, be a cruel betrayal of the best interest of the Turkish Cypriots. Is there then no solution? It is essential that Britain takes advantage of Sir Hugh Foot's honeymoon period. We must build on good will where it exists. The atmosphere in recent months has been comparatively calm; the Turks are not yet committed to the path of violence, while Greek terrorism, since last June, has been confined – as the events of this week illustrate – to internecine feuds between right and left. The question now is whether the lull can continue when it becomes apparent that the new plan for Cyprus concedes the Greeks little more than they have been offered, one way and another, in the past. If you stop a Greek Cypriot in the street and ask him what he expects the Governor to do, he will not talk first about Enosis or getting rid of the British; he will ask for the return of Makarios. Bring back the Archbishop, he will say, and then negotiations can begin. To the Greeks, Makarios is the symbol of negotiation, the alternative to terror; and if we don't negotiate with Makarios we may soon be doing business of a different kind with Grivas. Moreover, inquiries both in Athens and Cyprus suggest to me that many of the Greek political leaders have realised the hopelessness of a further return to terror. They are anxious to co-operate in seeking a peaceful settlement, so long as it is negotiated with Makarios and based on the unqualified acceptance of the right to self-determination – even though the date is far postponed. Such a bargain would imply their participation in self-government, while negotiations continued about the time and methods of self-determination.

Would the Turks ever accept a settlement based on this foundation? That would depend on three conditions at least. First, on setting the date of self-determination far enough ahead to make its prospect not a matter of early alarm; secondly, on building into the constitution of the island, as part of the machinery of self-government, safeguards for the rights of minorities, which could be proved in the next few years while Britain still retained ultimate control; thirdly, on acceptance by Ankara that, however far Britain or the other Nato powers may be prepared to go in meeting all reasonable needs of Turkish security, partition is out. No one can tell how successful sustained diplomatic pressure on these lines could be. Indeed, the question raises Middle Eastern issues which go far beyond Cyprus. But if the fears of Turkey about the threat to her southern ports and the well-being of her expatriate population are

genuine, it is reasonable to hope that in time she could be persuaded that partition is the least reasonable, least practicable and most dangerous way of trying to allay them.

In a situation which gives little cause for optimism, I have one grave fear. Britain has very little room to manœuvre in the present situation. If the new plan is to have a chance of success, it must, as it seems to me, acknowledge at least the *principle* of self-determination. My fear is that, in order to get over this first obstacle without provoking the Turks to violence, Mr Lennox-Boyd may be tempted to make some contingent half-promise of partition as a possible concomitant of self-determination at a later date. I do not envy him his problem and I can understand his desire to try everything to win the Turks. But I earnestly hope that this blunder will be avoided. The notion of partition, entirely artificial to the realities of Cyprus, was invented by Britain as a political tactic. It has proved a tragic and dividing slogan, and I do not believe that much progress towards a settlement in Cyprus can be made until it is completely discounted.

Whether or not a peaceful solution to the Cyprus problem will in time prove possible, there is no possibility that it can be reached in a single stride. Time is essential to heal wounds and calm passions. And time can be gained only by moving carefully and conditionally from stage to stage, making the fullest use of whatever good will exists. The Greeks must once again be treated like the political beings that they are; that means recognising the Archbishop as their spokesman and bringing the state of emergency to an end as rapidly as possible. In return, they must behave like political beings and, assured of the ultimate right to self-determination, they must accept that much work has to be done before it can become a reality. The Turks must be assured that Britain, and all the rest of the world, recognises their legitimate fears both inside and outside Cyprus and is resolved to give them safeguards. In turn, they must be persuaded to abandon the nightmare of partition. If we proceed by stages along these lines, we shall at least, for the first time since 1952, be moving in the right direction.

JOHN FREEMAN

British Aid to Poland

WHEN I read the news of the secret meeting between Krushchev and Gomulka—and noticed that the story had been leaked by the Russians—I suddenly realised the significance of a conversation I had in Warsaw ten days ago. I had spent the morning at the Foreign Office with Mr Rapacki in an off-the-record discussion to see whether a marriage could be arranged between the Gaitskell plan and the Rapacki plan for the neutralisation of central Europe. It had been a long, strenuous argument; but when it was over there was still time to ask the Foreign Minister a question, which had been going through my head all the previous day when I was splashing through the mud and puddles of ruined Wroclaw. 'In the west', I said to him, 'there are people who justify Britain's failure to give you any aid, and the American decision to concede only a third of what you asked, by a very strange argument. They say that your policy of independence might be embarrassed if you received too much aid from the west. Is there any truth in this suggestion?' Mr Rapacki grinned undiplomatically. 'None whatsoever', he said. 'We need all the economic aid we can get and we will accept it from any quarter—on condition that there are no strings attached and, in particular, that our membership of the Warsaw Pact is in no way affected by it.'

Mr Rapacki then went on to observe that, from many points of view, Britain was a more natural country than the United States to assist in the industrialisation of Poland. As one of the Coventry MPs, I was particularly glad to hear from him that British tractors and agricultural machinery, for example, are regarded as more suitable than American for Polish conditions. But he then went on to confirm a depressing story which I had obtained in another quarter in Warsaw. Apparently a British-based company has been negotiating with the Poles for some time and has actually offered to spend several million pounds selling them tractors and setting up an assembly plant in Poland. The deal, however, may fall through because, owing to the adverse Polish balance of trade with Britain, the sterling is not available and the British government says it cannot afford the long-term credit the Poles require.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Atlantic, the Americans are behaving in much the same way. For weeks the Polish representatives have been anxiously asking whether there is any chance of obtaining a little more of the aid they requested last spring. They have been deliberately left dangling. Even worse, they have been given to understand that the reason for this delay is the hostile tone of the communiqué issued in Moscow at the recent meeting of Communist parties. Apparently the Americans take no account of the fact that at this meeting Gomulka did everything possible to smooth out the terms of the communiqué, since he foresaw clearly enough that the Americans might react to it in just the way that they did.

My preoccupation as I said goodbye to Mr Rapacki, however, was not with Washington but with London. 'How can Mr Macmillan and Mr Selwyn Lloyd fail', I asked myself, 'to see the opportunity? What blinds them to the enormous potential benefits this country might gain by investing some British capital (for that is what the granting of long-term credits would mean) in the industrialisation of Poland?' Only 24 hours before I talked with the Polish Foreign Minister, I had been in the office of the city architect of Wroclaw. When it was still German, Breslau was a magnificent city, with 650,000 inhabitants. In the war it was 85 per cent. destroyed, and all but 2,000 of the Germans fled. But so far they have been replaced only by some 420,000 Poles, transplanted mainly from Lwow and those eastern territories absorbed into the Soviet Union in 1945.

My first impression of Wroclaw had been of uncleared ruins and dank desolation, and it seemed to be a final proof of Polish incompetence. Then I suddenly remembered that the Germans, whom no one could call incompetent, have not done much better in Dresden or East Berlin. Part of the reason for the astonishing contrast between the brand-new cities of West Germany and the dreary aspect of Dresden and Wroclaw is the absence in central Europe of a building materials industry—cement manufacture, brick-making, pipe-making and kitchen and bathroom equipment—not to mention the heavy machinery, such as bulldozers, which accelerate the work of demolition. In fact, the difficulty which confronted the Communists in reconstructing their cities in central Europe was that the houses could not be built and furnished until the industrial plant had been created.

In Wroclaw this was pointed out to me by the extremely able first secretary of the Communist Party, Matwin, and he remarked that political uncertainty about the Oder-Neisse line had also had its effect—on the left bank of the river, for instance, the price of land is now less than half what you can get on the right bank. 'The trouble about Poland today', he added with characteristic Polish candour, 'is that we are rather like a furniture manufacturer who has plenty of table legs but no table tops. We have over-invested in legs and now we want more capital for the tops'. 'But if we are going to set up whole branches of industry for you', I said to him, 'you will have to have a lot of British technicians and experts here, and won't you be afraid that they're really coming out here to spy?' 'No', he said, 'that is all nonsense. We shall be glad to see all the experts we can get, if they will help us to rebuild our towns and teach us how to use plant and machinery which you are supplying on loan'. And he added, very slowly and distinctly: 'It is my belief that Comrade Krushchev needs the success of the Gomulka regime and will not resent your aid if you give it quickly and without political conditions'.

Anyone who visits Poland must realise that what Matwin said about Wroclaw, and what Rapacki said to me about the country as a whole, is no exaggeration. Unlike Czechoslovakia, which was taken over by the Communists in 1948 when it had already a highly developed economy, Poland is an underdeveloped territory, with semi-colonial living standards, in the towns as well as on the land. Moreover, whereas Czechoslovakia survived the war untouched, Poland's towns were pulverised and her supply of capable administrators, which was not very large anyway, was decimated by the Nazis. There are two ways only in which a backward country can achieve a rapid rate of economic growth: either by ruthless centralised planning—including the provision of capital by forced collectivisation of the primitive and inefficient peasantry—or, alternatively, by a more liberal kind of planning, combined with large-scale foreign aid. The first method was applied with appalling severity until two years ago. Hundreds of thousands of peasants were forced out of their homes into the towns before sufficient industrialisation had taken place to employ them at a decent standard of living. Moreover, much of the industrialisation which *was* attempted, as I saw for myself at Nova Hutte outside Crakow, was typically Stalinoid and so monstrously over-ambitious that it wasted scarce resources. The result was incompetent tyranny at the top and grinding misery below.

Now centralised repression has been relaxed, but no one should be surprised that a dose of freedom has not brought much improvement in Polish productivity. Surely we have learnt from the example of India! In an under-developed colonial economy, intent on modernisation, the choice is between a dictatorship relying exclusively on its own resources and a more liberal and slow-moving regime, sustained by foreign aid. Of course, Gomulka's Poland is by no means a democracy; but it has probably achieved the maximum amount of liberty possible in the circumstances. This limited freedom can be safeguarded only by injecting western loans in sufficient quantities to make improved living standards possible and to make up for the loss of capital caused by the abandonment of collectivisation.

I shall be told that, even if all this theorising

is correct, Britain cannot afford to waste her resources on helping Poland. I believe the reverse to be true. Economic aid, which enabled us to take part from the start in Polish industrialisation, might well prove a sound long-term investment and provide us for a generation with a steady market for our engineering equipment. The British aeroplane industry is to be rationalised and cut back, and we all hope that other defence production is to be slashed. In that case, what employment are we to find for our engineering workers more suitable than the industrial development of an underdeveloped territory only a few hundred miles away? In Warsaw I was glad to have this view confirmed by the Englishman there better qualified than anyone alive to speak on the subject. 'Of course no one could call Poland a safe investment', he said, 'but if there is some risk capital available, I know no country anywhere in the world which is a better bet than Poland. Unfortunately, however, HMG tells me there is no money in the kitty.' The man who said this to me knows what he is talking about, and his gloomy comment is, I am sure, part of the explanation of the Gomulka-Krushchev meeting last week-end. Gomulka knows that his effort to liberalise a Communist dictatorship depends on western aid. He also knows that, if the western aid *were* forthcoming, Krushchev would be unable to oppose the liberalisation. But if it is not forthcoming, the Russians will be able to say: 'We told you so', and Gomulka, whatever his principles, will then be forced to reimpose centralised repression, since this will be the only alternative to chaos. Can it really be true that, in the face of this appalling prospect, the Foreign Secretary will continue to accept the ban which the Treasury has imposed on long-term credits for Poland?

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

John Roberts

THOUGH John Roberts is still a director of the Statesman Publishing Company and joint managing director of Ganymed, which he has been largely responsible for founding and nourishing, it is right that our readers should be informed about his retirement as managing director of the NEW STATESMAN. He has been with the paper for 43 years and has been its managing director since July 1947.

That this journal survived its lean years and became an assured institution is largely due to John Roberts. In the Twenties and Thirties many other weeklies started and failed, and it was he who was chiefly responsible for the negotiations that led to the successful amalgamation first with the *Nation* in 1931 and then the *Week-end Review* in 1934. He built up the circulation of the joint paper from the figure of about 15,000 in 1931 to 30,000 in 1939 and to about treble this figure at the end of the war. Under the arrangement of the NEW STATESMAN affairs the editorial and business aspects have always been in separate hands, and one of John Roberts' great qualities was to realise that it was up to him to prove that a paper of often unpopular views could, in spite of them, become a financial success. And prove it he did.

The NEW STATESMAN was founded in the unpropitious days immediately before the first world war. That it lived was largely because John, as its manager, had the faith and enthusiasm to persuade its Fabian backers to go on putting money into what was for so many years an unprofitable venture.

John early grasped a central idea about a weekly. It cannot be advertised into success like a toothpaste. No commodity depends so entirely on finding a particular niche of its own. Its influence and its stability do not depend on the size of its circulation, but on its reputation among readers whose affection for it will only be strengthened by serious differences with the Establishment. That is why Roberts' original idea (so widely and naturally imitated by other journals) of supplying likely readers with the journal for six months at a cheap rate was a winner.

A serious weekly journal only very marginally depends on casual sales. If readers who are already addicts give an opportunity to others who are like-minded (not in opinion but in relish for uninhibited discussion) to look at the paper week after week for six months, a good proportion of them will also become addicts. John knew that the bulk of *NS* readers, who are to be found in every remote part of the world, would no sooner give it up than a connoisseur will give up drinking wine for dinner.

High among John Roberts's numerous other claims to a wider recognition than he has yet received, was that he is the chief begetter of Ganymed, which, jointly with Lund Humphries, was an associated company of the *NS*. The production of fine copies of great pictures is one of those activities that no one else but John would have considered as an adjunct of a weekly review, and, like the *NS*, is one that spreads overseas. The walls of many homes in Asia and Africa – especially those of Britain's representatives abroad – are decorated with Ganymed pictures, just as their study tables are comfortably untidy with copies of the NEW STATESMAN.

No one can think of John Roberts as having 'retired'. His loyalty to the *NS*, proved over many years of devoted service, is still one of the journal's assets. He has retired from active work on the paper with the best of good wishes from its staff and his fellow directors.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

RECENTLY, I have been looking at television fairly systematically. On the whole, it has proved a depressing experience. One creeps away from the set feeling somehow ashamed – as when one has spent an evening reading an inferior novel, or engaging in a feebly cantankerous conversation. The comparison between the invention of printing and of television (which I admit to having made) is quite fallacious. However many lies may have been, are being, and will be, written, it is still possible to write truthfully. Television, it seems to me, cannot, by its nature, be truthful. If truth is put in, either it has become false by the time it comes out, or it fails to come out at all. Television just will not take that particular current. If Christ had been put on television to preach the Sermon on the Mount, viewers would either have switched on to another channel, or contented themselves with remarking that the speaker had an interesting face. Christ might have become a television personality, but there would have been no Christianity.

* * *

Far and away the most interesting programme was Alan Taylor's lecture. The one I heard was on Franz Josef. This was a *tour de force*. It is terribly difficult to talk into camera. To do so for half an hour, without a note, without camera tricks or eccentric gestures, and without ever letting the interest sag, is a fantastic feat. As is ever the case with Taylor, many of his statements were utterly preposterous. The odd thing is that their very preposterousness makes them the more stimulating, and even illuminating. He is, in fact, a teacher of genius – incapable of being dull; too whimsical and intelligent to allow himself to be confined in any system or theory of history; contradictory, irresponsible, undignified and original. With these qualities, it is not surprising that he has never been given a university chair, for which he is eminently suited.

* * *

I might perhaps mention, as well, an item which had, for me, exceptional interest. This was an impersonation of myself by Peter Cavanagh in Val Parnell's 'Startime'. It was done with diabolical skill. I watched appalled and fascinated, and almost decided to forswear television for ever. But not quite, I fear.

* * *

I find writing for the *Sunday Pictorial* the most difficult form of journalism I have ever undertaken. It is, perhaps, unprofessional conduct to admit it, but anyone can write leading articles in *The Times* or the *Telegraph* or the *Manchester Guardian*. You get off to a good start with: 'Mr Macmillan's latest note to Marshal Bulganin can scarcely (or can, or cannot, according to which newspaper) be regarded as a serious contribution to the problem of East-West relations.' Then, with the aid of hurriedly assembled press cuttings, you meander on about previous notes, and statements made in the course of a recent debate in the House of Commons, if possible quoting someone like Hobbes or Burke, or, if you want to be up to date, Orwell or Kennan. Finally, you round it off with: 'It is greatly to be hoped that the Prime Minister's initiative may (or will, or will not) prove a step in the unfolding of, etc., etc.' None of this is permissible in the *Sunday Pictorial*. I notice the difference in the manner in which copy is read. In Printing House Square or Peterborough Court or Cross Street they glance over the sheets; in Geraldine House they take it sentence by sentence. This is intimidating but exciting.

* * *

Making a complaint to the Press Council is a curious undertaking. You write in, and receive a polite acknowledgment from Mr Alan Pitt-Robbins that there will be a meeting some months hence. It appears that the Council has only a minute revenue, and cannot afford to assemble except at long and fixed intervals, or to employ an adequate secretariat. There seems to be no procedure for an emergency session. This means, of course, that the matter at issue is, journalistically speaking, pretty stale by the time it comes up. Actually, I gave my own complaint about the distortions which appeared in the *Sunday Express* and the *People* of an article on the monarchy that I wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post* to the *World's Press News* for publication, and received a mild rebuke for having done so. The most peculiar aspect of the whole affair is the secrecy which envelops the Council's proceedings. I offered to appear and answer any question that might arise. This offer was declined on the ground that, if I appeared, it would be necessary to summon the newspaper editors concerned as well, and then it might be another three months before a decision was reached. I confess I should have been amused to see the arbiters of journalistic standards in session, with the ponderous Sir Linton Andrews in the chair. This, however, was not to be. I have to content myself with imagining the scene – a kind of Star Cham-

ber without tears, or, better, an addition to *Henry IV* showing Mr Justice Shallow actually functioning on the bench. As was to be expected, the findings, when they came, were equivocal and confused. The point, of course, was that Sir Linton and his colleagues so disliked my *Saturday Evening Post* article that they could not bring themselves to object to any treatment of it. The judgment of the NUJ, and of experienced journalists like Francis Williams, that there had been distortion easily compensates for the Press Council's wool.

* * *

What extraordinary people politicians are! Mr Thorneycroft and his two junior ministers resign on the ground that the government is failing to deal with inflation. They then say that they will go on supporting the government. If a doctor resigned from a hospital post on the ground that the treatment being given the patients was calculated to kill rather than cure them, and then added that, nonetheless, he proposed to continue to send his own patients there, he would be considered criminal or mad. Then, again, take Mr Sandys and national service. It did not require great perspicacity to realise, when his White Paper came out, that there was no possibility of raising by voluntary recruitment the forces which were specified in it as minimal. Sandys must have known this. Yet when I tried to get it out of him in the course of a television interview, he continued to insist, in his slow, laborious way, that sufficient volunteers would be forthcoming. Of course, they have not been forthcoming, and will not be, despite the projected rise in pay and allowances. Everybody knows why. Service life and discipline just do not happen to appeal to any but a tiny minority of the contemporary young. In the end, Sandys, or a successor, will have to climb down, and either revise the White Paper or accept some variant of selective service. It was obvious from the beginning, yet not, apparently, to him. Why not? And if it was obvious, what was the point of the deception? What advantage did it bring to him, the government, or anybody else? I shall never understand.

* * *

It has long been my view that this age can best be described as the Age of Credulity. People will believe anything. The constant pressure of persuasion to which they are subjected – in advertising, for instance, not to mention innumerable varieties of governmental and private propaganda – far from making them resistant and sceptical, has the effect of making them infinitely credulous. A prize example is provided by the story of the Man in the Sputnik. According to *Time* magazine, the story originated in an Agence France-Press message from Paris, which was picked up by the Associated Press in London and sent out thence with a Moscow dateline. It got on to the front pages of many newspapers, gathering circumstantial details on its way ('Reds Send Man 186 Miles High in Rocket Ship!'), only to collapse with ignominy three days later. If the Russians had happened to want this story to be believed, they had but to give it guarded confirmation. Then there would have been another great spate of words about the conquest of space, and Congress would have been asked to vote yet more billions of dollars to keep abreast of the Russians. A man could easily have been produced to say he had been up, and a film made showing him coming down by parachute. This would have sufficed. African witch doctors struggling to persuade their clients that their love potions are up to standard must look with envy westwards, where, it would seem to them, fellow-practitioners have so much easier and more lucrative a time.

A man in the village where I live told me that his father-in-law had died. I expressed sympathy, and he added: 'He didn't want his teeth and he didn't want his spectacles. So we knew the end was near.' It seemed to me very poetic – death in the welfare state.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

In houses on either side live ambassadors, people with titles, and the well-to-do. The illegitimate babies in this house, too, are special. Not just anyone's baby is accepted. A baby is admitted only if it is the offspring of cultured or well-to-do families.—*Scottish Daily Mail.* (L. A. Morrison.)

At a recent military gathering near London one officer was noticed wearing an unusual club tie. He explained with no little pride that it had been specially designed for the officers of the three Services who had planned the Suez venture.—*Manchester Guardian.* (Michael Hyde.)

'Obviously a bit of Hi-Fi language,' was how Coun. F. M. Brewer, Civil Defence Committee chairman, described the term Mega-corpse.

Coun. D. Mackintosh, who had introduced the term, said that it covered the operation for disposal of 1m corpses following a nuclear attack.—*Oxford Times.* (Michael Brett.)

Counsel said according to Pamela Hayter the attitude of these girls towards their mistresses seemed to have been unsatisfactory. On one occasion there had been talk of poisoning Miss Davis, one of the mistresses. Not having any rat poison, metal polish and disinfectant were sprinkled in her soup.—*The Times.* (Shirley Cleverdon.)

Tipping All Bishops

It seems that, if you court a girl and marry 'er,
You should not idly practise *Brahmacharya,*
Leaving the tedium of procreation
To far-fetched methods of insemination.

For stern, episcopal, didactic oratory
Condemns the drab, adulterous Laboratory,
And in the Church's eyes the greatest menace is
Partheno—well, we'll call it *Tele*genesis.

The Oedipus Brigade, of course, would rather
Know where to go to take it out of father;
And most of us, without that predilection,
May look at AID with circumspection.

But, being born, by one means or another
(Even with Huxley's Bottle for a mother),
Man spends the rest of his existence trying
To find a moratorium for dying—

Except, of course, the Bishop with his nimbus
(And maybe nondescript, consigned to limbus);
We don't know where the rest, who really sinned, fall—
The place must get the Devil of a windfall.

So, if you Prelates (for a moment leaving
Your fierce obsession with correct conceiving)
Would kick the pants of every politician
Who meditates our premature perdition,

And thunder at the perilous and rotten
Future of Man (however misbegotten)—
Though the Establishment would not caress you
Many poor bastards might survive to bless you.

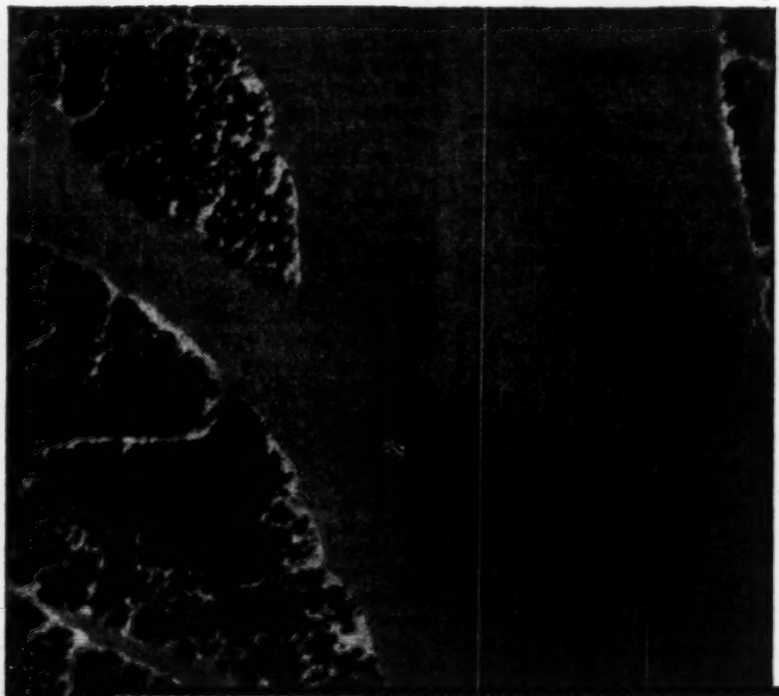
REGINALD REYNOLDS

A.I.D.

THE fuss about artificial insemination was begun (perhaps one should say revived) not by the china-shop single-mindedness of that good and courageous man the Archbishop of Canterbury, but by Lord Wheatley's ruling in the Edinburgh Court of Session on 11 January. That court's decision that the artificial insemination of a wife without her husband's consent does not amount to adultery would have been inevitable in an English court too, as the law stands and has stood for centuries. (It was not, by the way, a decision that A.I.D. cannot afford grounds for divorce: the question whether it could for that purpose amount to cruelty remains undecided.) The ecclesiastical courts had always said that adultery consisted in 'the surrender of the wife's person to the embraces of the party with whom the offence is charged', though there is the usual dearth of comparable exactitude as to how far husbands are allowed to go. And since the establishment of the Divorce Court in 1857, every relevant pronouncement from the judicial bench has tended to confirm that what constitutes adultery is neither the desire for insemination nor the intention or likelihood of achieving it, but the emotionally reprehensible fact of physical gratification. Some people fine this down to a principle that *de facto* adultery minus the enjoyment leaves nothing for the law to punish. They over-simplify. But the foreseeable social consequences of A.I.D. are so considerable that some kind of controlling legislation now seems inevitable – even if the Archbishop did not choose the best words in raising the issue that it should be 'made a crime'.

Clearly enough, his suggestion that inseminations should be registered has the object of protecting the legal certainties of parenthood, inheritance, and family stability. At present the registration of every A.I.D. birth, necessarily naming the 'adoptive' father as the true one, involves an offence punishable under Section 4 of the Perjury Act, 1911, by seven years' imprisonment – a point that seems to me to have escaped general attention. (In 1925 a miscellaneous Criminal Justice Act provided a milder alternative, presumably for less heinous offenders, of a £50 fine if the case was dealt with by magistrates. Less heinous in what respect? A.I.D. cases?) Unless the law is to make A.I.D. a crime in itself, which is unthinkable, it must either provide special registration for these births or enact that a complaisant husband is to have the full legal status of a natural father. Whichever of the two latter it does, A.I.D. will have been given a considerable social impetus. The fear and uncertainty thus removed, A.I.D. children are certain to increase in the community, and, without specific registration, the chances that half-brothers and sisters will marry are bound to increase proportionately. Whether this would be a disaster would be a matter not so much for the eugenists as for the legislators, who (significantly enough) did not in this country wake up until 1908 to the fact that incest, which had been punishable with death until the Restoration and was thereafter left to the waning power of the Church, had been totally ignored by the law since the ecclesiastical courts were finally stripped of their temporal powers in 1868. It had not been punished even by them for more than a century.

A.I.D. children, even if by some reasoning they could be held to be legitimate, could at present be bastardised fairly simply by non-consenting 'fathers', and also, it would seem to me, by husbands who had at first consented and then changed their minds after the birth or conception.



Oil for the future

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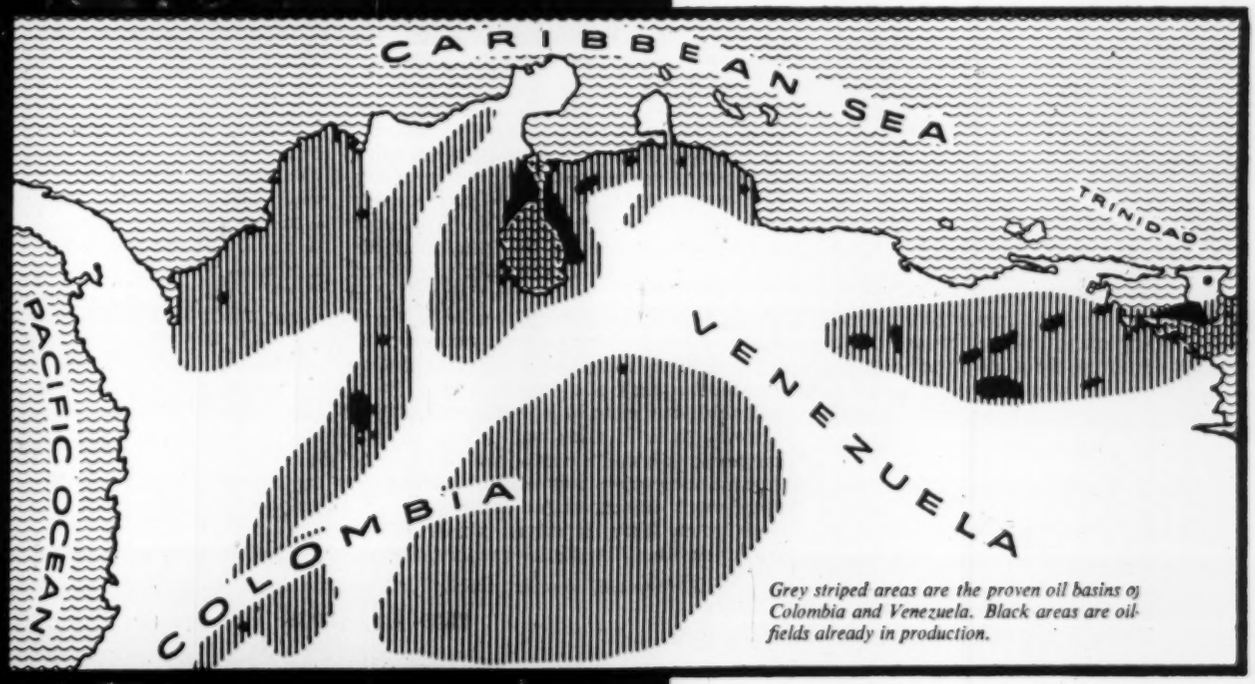
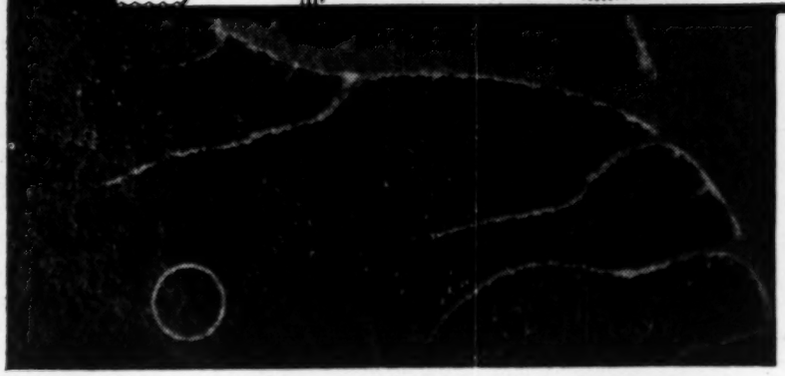


Grey striped areas are the proven oil basins of Colombia and Venezuela. Black areas are oil fields already in production.



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In either case the donor, if known, might find himself saddled with an affiliation order. (One would expect that the law on A.I.D., as it grew up, would harden against any waverers, and hold eventually that a man who was proved to have consented to the operation on his wife had conferred legitimacy on the child.) The therapist who had operated would not be able to claim, when he came into court on *subpoena*, any privilege of secrecy. The doctors, indeed, enter a new field of vulnerability at law, the dangers being greatest in the absence of the husband's consent. It is within the bounds of possibility, since the law of conspiracy can punish an agreement to 'do any lawful act by unlawful means', that doctor and wife might be held guilty of a criminal conspiracy against the husband; while the scope for inheritance lawsuits may already be establishing A.I.D. as a light in the sky for many lawyers long briefless.

To afford a new legally regulated status to A.I.D. would, among other things, establish the donors as a socially approved class of persons, with a rising economic status (there is a living in this) and considerable bargaining power. Who are they? What are their motives? These questions would acquire great importance once their function was generally accepted, though the imagination should not build too many fears on the theory of the wilder comparative physiologists that one man could provide children for 226,000,000 women at a time. (The highest individual score under A.I.D. so far is 23 children from one donor used 23 times.) Some of the very few doctors who practice A.I.D. have made a practice of keeping the photographs of the resulting children; and I am told that the resemblance of these to the father who is unknown to them is unmistakable, though there is also a resemblance to the mother and, in some cases, even to the adoptive father. Dr Margaret Jackson said at a conference of the Eugenics Society in October 1956 that A.I.D. is used, apart from cases of irremediable sterility or total impotence on the part of the husband, where the husband has a severe transmissible defect and also 'as a means of improving the stock by using donors with outstanding mental and physical attributes'. But despite the claim of the few doctors practising A.I.D. that they exercise the utmost care in selecting and testing donors, other medical men with experience in fertility clinics believe that insufficient care is taken, for example, in testing for venereal disease; while a more general prejudice (which, of course, may weaken) maintains that a man who wants to become a donor must anyway be the kind of erotic odd-man-out that no nice child would choose for its father.

As to the VD objection, this is only one of several transmissible diseases that are risked (safely enough as a rule) in millions of normal marriages; while the eccentric detachment of donors, and the repugnance they still excite in the minds of people who take a little time out to think about them, may be modified as we depersonalise human affairs along the road to 1984. One of the doctors doing A.I.D. in this country says he gets his donors from clinical staff and personal friends, and pays none of them anything. Others say that they pay a fee of up to 50 guineas, which ought to ensure for them a steady supply of volunteers; though if there are many donors whose genuine concern it is, whether paid or not, to transmit promiscuously what they conceive to be their own 'outstanding mental or physical attributes', we are in at the dawn of a new and secret aristocracy in which even the wisest child may sometimes glance dubiously at its own father. Both of them are entitled, I think, to look expectantly towards the legislators. Over to them.

C. H. ROLPH

The Return

BATSEY describes the activities of scientists as *interfering*. I forget what armourers' prowess it was that drew from him the sour comment that them scientists is always interfering. But I am sure that he does not think of science as a sort of trade, profession or calling, but rather as a species of hostile race or nation: scientists are a kind of Jews, or a kind of Germans, not a kind of workers.

But Batsey does not think of their interference as effective. The interest which, for example, he took in the sputniks, was tolerantly contemptuous. 'Like a lot of old boys . . .' he said, meaning children. The Russians had, absurdly for grown men, played a sort of colossal practical joke, probably to black the Americans' eye. But at least it was useful to him as a new opportunity to call attention to that sleepless habit of body of which he is prouder than of the fact that, since the lorry knocked him down and left him for dead, he cannot smell or taste anything. 'I'm up at four most mornings'. It's kind of true, too, although I'd say five was nearer the hour. He alone, but for the girl whose wail we hear calling in Hinton's cows to be milked at dawn, is awake at that still hour. It was then he saw the first sputnik; not once, but every morning for a couple of weeks. What he really saw, I have no idea: a shooting star, perhaps, or one of Mr Dulles' bombers homing furtively, lest Mr Macmillan see it, on Manston. But for Batsey it was the Russian toy.

For Batsey, when myxomatosis raged among the rabbits, it was not nature but science which was interfering. He may have been right; nobody seems to know quite how the disease got here. In this case Batsey found the interference not amusing, but offensive. For 50 years rabbits had been to him almost what a few paternal acres were to Pope's happy men. The meat they provided for his table was no small matter: not less than three times a week did it operate to keep down the butcher's bill.

But there was more in it than that. He drove a thriving trade in skins and carcases. It was Batsey who provided a part of the raw material for those inexpensive furs which look sleek in haberdasher's advertisements under names unknown to any fauna. It was on rabbits that the more or less flourishing fortunes of the five young Batseys were founded. Not every man, of course, could have so turned these vermin to advantage. But his skill with the long net, the wire, and his hand with a ferret, were widely known, and, until myxomatosis put his nose out of joint, his services were much in demand. Some land-owners and farmers actually paid for them; a greater number gave him the freedom of their warrens for what he could take in them. As for those men who failed to employ him, Batsey had their rabbits just the same, for he is a man who works much at night; and it was from these few forbidden properties that came the bird which, from time to time, figures on Batsey's table as a nice young cockerel – but does not taste like it.

Myxomatosis, then, came as a grave blow to Batsey's economy: the community's advantage is so often made of the individual's suffering. And the interfering scientists were to blame. Perhaps this was partly because he had to have an adversary he could despise. Had the plague been in the course of nature, what hope could there have been of its abatement? But since, for him, scientific interference is, by definition, ineffectual in the long run, he was free to hope that the nuisance would abate. Therefore, let me mark his words, the rabbits would be back.

A few, among them the most 'scientific', agreed with him, but his view was not widely held. Consequently, among other things which happened, the ferret population all over Kent was decimated. What was the use of keeping ferrets when there was no game for them? For the year or two, or however long it was, while rabbits were as scarce as tigers in Kent, it would have been almost as difficult to find a ferret.

Perhaps, had they become quite extinct, Batsey would have been at no loss. For he tells me a tale of a cat, one of the several which live in an almost symbiotic relationship with his household, which he could usually persuade to accept a litter of young stoats in lieu of her kittens. And a stoat may be trained to be a ferret, perhaps *is* simply a wild ferret. That he could lay his hands on such a litter when he wanted one did not surprise me. But to me there seemed some improbability in the idea of even so small a cat as our local strain, nursing the creatures. There is of course the case of Gilbert White's cat adopting a leveret, but cats and hares are much of a size, whereas surely a cat's teats would be monstrous to a sucking ferret?

However, this feat of animal training was not

THE CLASSICS CLUB

We have received a complaint from Record Sales Ltd, the proprietors of the Classics Club, that our issues of 14 December and 4 January contained statements defamatory of them in suggesting that they were financially unsound and generally carried on their business by tricking their members into the purchase of inferior recordings.

There was, of course, no ground whatever for either imputation and we are happy to make this plain. In our view there was nothing in either article which would be read by any reasonable person as making either imputation; but if, indeed, anything which we published was read in such sense, we very much regret it.

Record Sales Ltd also complain that the articles contained mis-statements of fact. We were dealing with record clubs generally, and neither article purported to state the full rules or terms of trade of each record club. While such statements cannot be said to have been defamatory of anyone, we gladly make the following points clear:

(1) The standard price of a Classics Club ten-inch LP is 14s. 11d. (as stated in the article), but this does not take into account the length of playing time, which may extend to over 40 minutes and therefore may bear comparison with a short 12-inch LP.

(2) The standard price of 14s. 11d. for a ten-inch LP, although it does not include the board sleeve, which is an optional extra at 1s. (as stated in the article), does include a printed protective cover of heavy gauge polythene as well as programme notes.

(3) The standard price of a 12-inch LP record is at present 25s., which includes both the board sleeve (as stated in the article) and also the polythene cover and programme notes.

(4) There is no monthly membership fee of 2s. 6d. (as wrongly stated in the article), but there is a monthly Club Due of this amount, payable in any month in which a member elects to purchase one or more of the Club's records issued for that month. In any month in which a member elects to make no purchase, no membership or any other fee is payable. We are sorry for having made this mistake.

(5) Our article was intended to deal with adult records and we said that the Club issued three or four records a month. They issue four a month and in addition two children's records a month.

(6) Any record can be returned within three days of receipt against repayment, in accordance with the Rules of the Club

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called for. Batsey had too little faith in the scientists' interference with rabbit nature to 'put down' his ferrets. Through the lean years his breeding stock was maintained in idleness at some expense in milk; and, revolting perversion of the same cat and stoat relation already described, were given unwanted kittens to kill. That was not done cruelly: although I would not dare tell him so, Batsey has the same scientific good sense as encouraged the spread of that same myxomatosis as he complained of, or as looks upon the manufacture of fissionable and fusionable materials as, *malgré tout*, a good thing.

One thing, as they say, leads to another, and what myxomatosis led to in this case was an entirely new crime. Who was it wrote that, '*La société renferme en elle tous les crimes qui vont se commettre. . .*'? I had set out, after dark, to Batsey's. I went through the cherry orchard: the branches of the trees against the dull silver of a full moon sky bristled with next year's flower bud.

My object was to collect from Batsey a new cockerel I had bought from his flock, to cross our own small laying stock. As I reached the wire about his quarter acre, I heard some disturbance among his poultry, and his old blind dog barking with as much excitement as age and infirmity allowed of. I saw a shadow like a hunchback's move swiftly among the trees, then yelled at the top of my voice when some fool let go with a 12-bore too close for comfort. I went round to the back of the cottage, for the front door has not been opened these 50 years. Batsey was there, peering across the orchard. He said:

'I seen you. No call to bawl like a stuck pig.'

'You missed him', I said.

'D'you see him?'

'Yes. Have we a hunchback in the parish?'

'Hunchback? Bag full of my pullets, more like.'

From inside the cottage lodge he reached a torch, and we went to count the flock. No birds were missing. He counted slowly, twice. To me it seemed that the thief had been scared away in time. Not to Batsey: he has, like other successful men, got where he is by trusting nobody and nothing, least of all luck. The whole property had to be minutely inspected. And, of course, he was right. The thief had got what he came for. Batsey's whole stock of breeding ferrets, all 12 couple, were gone.

Batsey spent no breath cursing the thief. Was not the fault entirely his own? Valuable property should be under a lock, and the ferrets had been open to any marauder. I said he could hardly blame himself for not locking up ferrets; one could hardly call them valuable property. That, it seemed, was all I knew about it. He had been getting as much as 50 shillings a ferret in Ashersham Tuesday market, and had sent in as many as four in one week. I was astounded. But less so as, making my way back through the orchard, the bagged cockerel heavy in my hand, I saw the vindication of Batsey's economy and the origin of this new kind of theft. It was a pretty sight, provided your wire fences were sound and you grew no grain: a ring of rabbits, bright grey under the moon, going solemnly and movingly through the mysterious evolutions of their choreographic nocturnal game.

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Carmelites

M. POULENC'S new opera, now to be seen in a remarkably fine production at Covent Garden, is not a masterpiece, not sublime, not perhaps a work of very solid or durable musical merit; but within its limits it is a true work of art, beautifully shaped, with a unity of mood and a distinctive tone of voice—a grave and unpretentious eloquence which becomes, more than once during the twelve scenes, very moving. This unity of tone is all the more striking because of its marked absence in many recent operas of richer musical substance, such as *The Rake's Progress* or *The Midsummer Marriage*.

The main, but not the only, reason for this harmonious impression lies in the singular aptness of music and text. Poulenc is often considered a slight and somewhat amateurish composer; but what must strike us forcibly is the entire competence of his approach to the large task of writing a three-act opera commissioned by the firm of Ricordi for production at La Scala. Full credit should indeed go to Ricordi themselves for the prescience shown in their suggestion of the Bernanos *Dialogues des Carmélites*, which the composer instantly recognised as a dramatic masterpiece ideally fitted to his talents. These 'Dialogues', left behind by Bernanos at his death in 1948, had been intended for a film; but they are so clear in outline, so strong in human interest, so firm in spiritual and intellectual power, that almost no change was needed to make of them a gripping and highly successful play. Abridgement for operatic purposes has entailed the loss of certain theological subtleties; and it must be allowed that the composer's style has somewhat mitigated the austerity and rigour of the argument. Yet the unsentimental picture of convent life, the rapid and masterly sketches of character, and the dramatic but unsensational approach to the climax—the martyrdom by guillotine, at the Place de la République in 1794, of the sixteen Carmelite nuns of Compiègne—all this is most skilfully realised in operatic terms.

The effect of the music is not so much to heighten the dramatic tension as to immerse the narrative, so to speak, in a tenderly compassionate element. The music is very attentive: it listens carefully to the slightest utterances of the various personages, and listens also to the unspoken thoughts that lie behind the words. The central thread of the narrative is the story of Blanche de la Force, a nobly born but excessively timid girl who seeks refuge from her fears in the Carmelite convent, runs away at the approach of danger, but voluntarily returns to join her companions on the scaffold. Such a subject demands, no less than *Capriccio* or *Pelléas*, the almost total audibility of the words; and it is another proof of Poulenc's professional skill that, taking Debussy for his model, he has written and scored his music in such a way as to allow for this. (At Covent Garden on the first night the articulation was poor; now it is very good.) Moreover, he has devised a vocal line which is continuously telling, sounding always natural and easy, and lying just where the singer can produce most effect with least effort.

The music belongs to the gentle and honourable tradition, absurdly undervalued in England, of Massenet, Fauré and Reynaldo Hahn. In his dedication the composer acknowledges the influences of Debussy, Monteverdi, Verdi and Mussorgsky. Not much, perhaps, of the two Italians is perceptible; but Mussorgsky is often suggested, the lyrical Mussorgsky as often as the master of dramatic declamation. In blending these elements Poulenc shows a sure sense of style; the eclecticism of his score in no way impairs its unity and fluency. There are scenes in which an absolute propriety of tone seems all that is wanted; the music need not be grand or inspired, if only it is exactly right. Such a music is to be heard in the second scene, where Blanche seeks admission from the Prioress; here the simple, swaying G minor theme in the orchestra soon persuades us that nothing could better fit the quiet solemnity of the interview. In the following scene Poulenc is highly successful in suggesting the radiant and joyous innocence of the very young Sister Constance, an important part beautifully written throughout—and quite beautifully realised, it must be added, at Covent Garden by Jeannette Sinclair. Hardly less truthful is the music depicting the troubled death of the old Prioress which effectively ends the first act.

At this point the spell of the opera is very potent. During the later acts, despite fine scenes and some lovely ensemble writing for the consort of nuns, a certain monotony begins to make itself felt; and this monotony is not dispelled by the quite superficial treatment of the Revolutionary Commissaries and mob—an element which was also, by ill luck, the weakest link in Margherita Wallmann's otherwise admirable production. It is true that Bernanos himself showed little detailed interest in this side of his tale; but the reader of his 'Dialogues' obtains a striking impression as though of a faint noise far outside the convent walls growing gradually nearer and more sinister; and this was an idea capable of musical realisation. Opinions will differ as to the adequacy of the final tableau of the martyrdom. It is not cheap; it has no touch of neo-Meyerbeerian vulgarity; the 'Salve Regina' sung by the nuns as they go to their death is calm and elevated and noble. Yet a sense of exaltation is lacking; and so is the striking musical effect which might, one feels, have been produced by the fining down of the sixteen voices to a single treble line ringing through the cold morning air. To have supported this final hymn of the nuns with a wordless vocalise from the crowd seemed a pity, since the effect was to provide a sympathetic extension of the nuns' own voices, and thus to diminish the musical isolation which should have been the audible symbol of their courage. All the same, there was a grave beauty in this closing scene which left the audience much impressed.

The opera was entirely cast from the resident company, who distinguished themselves collectively and individually under the inspired leadership of Rafael Kubelik. Of the large cast Elsie Morison as Blanche and Joan Sutherland as the new Prioress excelled themselves; and the orchestra did justice to the transparent beauty of the score. Wakhevitch's sets are among the most beautiful and most apt ever seen at Covent Garden.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The Box of Tricks

ONE of the cleverer heirs of that nineteenth-century tradition of playmaking against which M. Ionesco's anti-theatre is presumably directed is M. André Roussin. Playwrights in this tradition cultivate above anything the art of ingenious contrivance. Having assembled their pieces they – so one imagines – concentrate their wits on the all-important business of manœuvring them with intense cunning into exactly the combinations which will make them do the most work. They employ calculations almost mathematically exact about the stresses of surprise, small and great. Elaborate preparation goes into the raising of one's expectations and then satisfying them, either partially or wholly, or perhaps whisking away that satisfaction right from under our noses. It is the theatre of illusion in its extreme form and is related most nearly to that other illusionist craft where sleight-of-hand is the chief tool and where a brilliant line of patter engages the ear and thus deceives the eye or lulls it into unwariness.

As in all such works of contrivance – chess problems, detective stories, too – the fun is greatest when the author makes the problem as difficult as he can for himself; and what gives us especial satisfaction is neatness and economy in the solution. M. Roussin always gives his plays an extra turn by the very thinness of the material he employs, and when he brings it off (as in *The Little Hut*, for example) we have somewhat the same admiration for him as we might have for a watchmaker producing the tiniest imaginable watch.

Darling, on early play of his which Mr Hauser is producing at the Oxford Playhouse, shows us a master craftsman still fumbling in his craft. The material is certainly thin enough. Its main piece is a well-worn comedy figure, the actress who can never cease acting in real life, too. She has often enough been treated in English comedy, but there she has usually been a grand dame figure in the full flight of obsessed middle-age. M. Roussin's Stépha is a younger woman and as a part fits Miss Mai Zetterling very well. A small company is rehearsing an Elizabethan play in the house of the producer's aunt on the Riviera. The producer knows all Stépha's tricks, for he has suffered from them himself. To the new leading man he is able to predict exactly how she will behave off-stage, how, giving herself out as a 'simple girl', she will fall histrionically in love with him and how her passion will endure for exactly the length of the rehearsals and the three weeks' run and will finish punctually at the end of the last night. We are told, then, at the very start, what to expect, and we are to get exactly what we are told: the problem is to keep us continually on tenterhooks as to when we shall get it and how. M. Roussin is wholly successful only with his first act, the first variation on the theme. The actress behaves just as foretold; her leading man, although forewarned and so in a position to forestall the first attack, finally drops his guard and lets her in. But the second variation in the following act – this scheme is M. Roussin's favourite – becomes instead of a variation virtually a repetition, and the fun is not sustained. The third act variation picks up but only by introducing an extraneous device – a lost revolver – which one feels the maturer Roussin would never admit: and it does serve to emphasise other clumsinesses which are the marks of inexperience: at least four of the minor characters have by this time become otiose; the management of the exits and entrances is excessively crude. And technical details of this kind are, of course, of the essence in this kind of play.

This kind of comedy requires, too, the most expert technique from actors and producer. A virtuoso comedy team might, I think, have held that second act together. Not that Mr Hauser's cast – assembled in the necessarily impromptu manner of repertory – was incompetent. Very far from it. But they are not either expert or experienced in comedy and experience and expertise are prerequisites. Miss Mai Zetterling has long been cast in just the kind of romantic roles which she is here set to guy: and this gives a nice edge to her very clever and winning performance; Mr Edgar Wreford is without the particular personal charm which would endear us a little more to the scheming producer: he presents him sharply as a schemer; Mr Joss Ackland, as the leading man, gives us the comfortable impression of always leading from strength. Miss Ann Walford made a charming impression in a part which faded out completely, and Miss Winifred Evans brought a pleasing authority to another otiose part, the aunt. A brisk and happy translation (except for the title) from Mr Merlin Thomas.

T. C. WORSLEY

What goes on?

A fresh name is being discussed this week in Westminster and other places where members of 'the Establishment' meet. It is the name of the writer of a new column unlike anything else in daily journalism.

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EVERY TUESDAY in the

DAILY HERALD

Roses by Other Names

A ROSE by any other name – would be treated as a cabbage. Everything evidently is in a name, either the name of the painter or the name of the school to which he belongs. Thus Annigoni's new portrait of 'The Woman of Mystery', now at Agnew's, is beneath the contempt of the culturally sophisticated, whilst Graham Sutherland's two portraits of Helena Rubinstein hang in a place of sophisticated honour at the Tate Gallery.

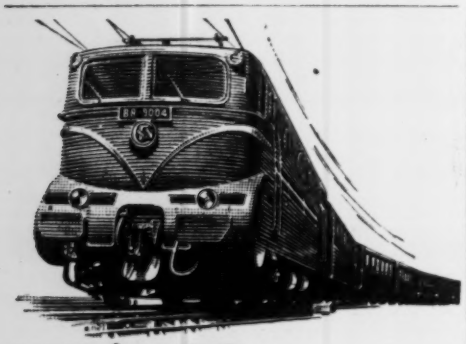
Heaven forbid that one should seem to defend the Annigoni. The most that one can say is that we are unlikely to get better portraits of the Royal Family. This one has been painted with the oil of flattery which, mixed with the pigments, makes the canvas look as if it has been treated with coloured margarine. It is as dead as the nobility of the Monarchy and as ludicrous as the Court advisers. The perspective of the eyes and mouth, the form of the neck, the treatment of the non-existent torso, the disproportion of the arms, the painting of the sack which is meant to be velvet over one shoulder, are not worthy of the work of a third-year art student. If Annigoni represents, as he claims, Tradition, then I represent the Monarchy.

But – and this is the point – the two Sutherland portraits are no better. True, Sutherland paints with dry paint like rubbed-in, coloured ash on an unprimed canvas, and not with margarine; but the failure is as great. The body beneath the florid red dress has no form or solidity whatsoever: the folds in the material are indistinguishable from the pattern printed on it: the structure of the three-quarter heads collapses in both pictures at the temple and at the angle of the jaw so that they have as little weight as paper masks. The strongest feature of both canvases is the sticky red of the nail varnish and lipstick, yet this is so 'applied' and so disruptive that one almost wonders if it has not been added by some cosmetic fanatic, just as moustaches are added to poster girls.

Further, there is the same kind of moral justice in both Sutherland's failure and Annigoni's, and if it were not for this I would not attack their attempts so fiercely; no one knows better than I how difficult it is to paint well. But Annigoni is a flatterer and the structure in his paintings is *smoothed* out of existence. Such skill as he has is rendered useless by his attitude. As a draughtsman he is like a monkey trying to climb a greased pole. And Sutherland's failure as a portrait painter is the result of his not being able to connect passages that are more than three inches apart: he can paint eyelashes over an eye but he cannot relate the eye socket to the back of the head: he can draw a wrinkle but not two lifesize shoulders in perspective. In other words, the scale is beyond him, just as portraiture for Top People ought to have remained beyond the pale of the highly poetic, romantic, solitary landscape painter he once was.

The 45 paintings in the Kandinsky show (also at the Tate) supply another example of the power of labelling. Kandinsky (1866-1944) is now uncritically raved about as the prophet of Abstract Expressionism. Yet, in fact, the same theatrical sentimentality, the same lack of any plastic tradition of form, undermines his work as undermines so many of the constantly abused paintings of his fellow-Russian Social Realists.

JOHN BERGER



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Band Discord

EVER since the ban on the import of American musicians was raised this critic has predicted, with gloomy persistence, that the uncontrolled boom in visiting musicians would produce its crisis. It has; and in spite of the Musicians' Union's announcement that in future the number of Anglo-US band-exchanges will be limited, the West End air is still full of passion and recrimination, some of which throws light into shadowy corners of the world of jazz. At bottom the issue is simple. As has been frankly admitted, 'promoters have complained that American bands have harmed concerts featuring British bands'. In fact, the market has been glutted. But the whole matter also involves the cloudy business of the terms on which concerts have hitherto been arranged. Officially these are as clear as they are utopian. British and American bands are exchanged one for one on equal terms. In practice, say, Mr Freddie Randall, who with all his merits, is not worth a fraction of Armstrong in London and virtually nothing in New York, receives neither equivalent engagements, billing nor pay, being in fact hired simply because there is no other way of getting Armstrong to Britain. Admittedly this has meant that the British union must have connived at the existence of unequal and unofficial agreements behind the official and equal ones.

The business is monopolised. Two very hard-headed American organisations control both the bulk of the imported musicians and the bulk of touring circuits in the USA, and virtually write their own terms. Attempts to by-pass them have failed, and the visiting Americans are, therefore, rather more expensive, the visiting British rather cheaper than they need be. And so Mr Johnny Dankworth refuses to go to the States and Mr Humphrey Lyttelton is on the warpath. The Musicians' Union, the only body strong enough to impose its own terms, probably curses the peculiar body of jazz-players and promoters, who are so much more difficult to handle than the good old-fashioned pit and palais musicians. The impresarios who have cornered the American trade are trying to find a way round the new limitation. The public wonders whether this year's announced batch – Glen Miller, Dave Brubeck, Jazz at the Philharmonic – will be the last. And the critic regrets that, if we are to have limited imports, one of them should be the Glen Miller band, about which all that can be said is that it has some competent jazz-players hidden in the orchestral underbrush, a relaxed and astringent leader with a good personality, and much sentimental appeal for those who were teen-agers between 1939 and 1944. Still, the houses are packed.

It therefore looks as though British jazz-lovers will have to rely more on our native music, which still flourishes nightly in the jazz-clubs, though best in those where musicians and others in the business like to drop in for a little drinking, gossiping, watching the dancers – players are rarely great dancers themselves – and perhaps sitting in with the band. For modernists the *El Toro* (near Finchley Road Station) on Wednesday and Friday nights is such a place; for pretty well anybody the *Piccadilly Club* (5-7 Denman Street) is another. The blues or semi-blues enthusiasts prefer a more austere setting. For concentrated, chapel-like dedication, one must go to the *Skiffle Cellar* (49 Greek Street) or the Thursday evening blues sessions at the Round House (Wardour St.). Not for them the charming swirl of colours and immature bodies at the recent all-night jazz carnival at the Albert Hall: a pleasure for the leathery jazz-critic to see, and for the musicians to play to, as they did with verve and obvious enjoyment. It is an odd thought that this sort of quintessential jazz occasion is probably by now extinct in America itself, where even the Harlem dance-halls, I am told, are swamped by rock-and-roll.

So long as Armstrong survives, it will not be quite extinct, as every buyer of the wonderful *Louis Armstrong Story* (vol. I & II, Philips) knows. Brunswick has now issued a lavish four-LP album containing his *Musical Autobiography*. The Mæstro's talk is as good as ever; his playing, though uneven sometimes, better than ever; but, alas, Miss Velma Middleton not only cannot sing like Bessie Smith or Chippie Hill, but for my money cannot sing the classic blues at all. And as for ordinary jazz-singing, who can survive beside the unique Ella Fitzgerald (*Ella and her Fellas*, Brunswick)? Another old master, Ellington, has made the tactical mistake of producing a suite 'inspired by Shakespeare' (*Such Sweet Thunder*, Philips). This is pretentious minor programme music without interest. The jazz analogue of Lady Macbeth or of Hamlet's madness is not here, but in the implacable Bessie Smith or the tortured solos of Charlie Parker. Ellington has more talent than has so far come out in the mood miniatures he normally writes; but playing with Shakespeare will not bring it out. Basie's men and Rushing, who stick to their last *in Blues* by Basie (Philips) are more modest, and in this instance, infinitely more moving: this is a record to own. The young moderns have their own pretentiousness, obvious enough in the interesting film-music to *Sweet Smell of Success* by the Chico Hamilton Quintet (Brunswick) and in the phoney Africanism of 'The Sacrifice' (*Drum Suite*, Philips). But I am happy to welcome, in

Art Blakey's *Jazz Messengers*, on the same record, a modern ensemble with blood as well as nerves, and especially a fine recruit to the small band of modern trumpeters, Bill Hardman.

FRANCIS NEWTON

The Picasso Miracle

WITH unerring instinct H.-G. Clouzot, the spine-chilling specialist of *The Wages of Fear* and *The Fiends*, has sought a new tension in Picasso. *Le Mystère Picasso* (Curzon): that has a thriller sound, and the thrill is of creation, not destruction, something terrible in the epic sense. We had known already, from Paul Haesaerts's interview, that Picasso in the act could be enormously filmable, and that the actor, so confident of himself and his act, could easily take the limelight from his work. Clouzot, a trickster when dealing with tricky themes, has shown true integrity here by concentrating upon the illuminated canvas on which Picasso works, by showing us primarily what goes on there, and only in asides referring to the creator and those filming him. The camera can – situated behind the easel, and catching the imprint in semi-transparent material – register the crayon lines and faint strokes with no agency of pencil or brush. They come out of nowhere at the spectator. He sees a Picasso sketch, even a Picasso painting, grow out of blankness; the kind of revelation only cinematography can bring, as it once brought the life-cycles of wheat and rose. *That* is the centre of excitement, and Clouzot makes no mistake.

The 75 minutes of *The Picasso Mystery* are pure dynamite. We start with lightning sketches, black on white, a music-hall turn of genius. A fish is drawn; fish becomes fowl; this in turn is enveloped and overlaid with rapid energy. Incredibly, a reclining female nude goes through change after change. A figure sitting on air receives its chair; a comic Picasso-self looks up with tilt nose; a celestial horse, a stooping nude philosopher with a hat, complete the artist's idea; and as this and that appear, change, or vanish, the workings of his mind press upon ours. Never before in the history of art have we been permitted to listen in to the artist's thought: here are half-a-dozen Picasso drawings witnessed from beginning to end of their execution.

The screen then enlarges, and in Eastmancolour he begins to paint. Here again the effect is no less rapid and dramatic, but of course the method of filming has changed: no longer is every second of the artist at work registered; his labour, extending over hours, is artfully telescoped into minutes, so that colours deepen in a flash, new aspects are waved on, swept off, replaced, and then perhaps with slow brush strokes established. The miracle of a Picasso in wilful growth is no less than that of the old seed bursts and tree struggles we are accustomed to. Not that all fifteen – I think they are fifteen – of his sketches and paintings over two months are successes. Sometimes he doodles sexually or gets tangled in complications; his beach scene goes through every transmogrification, and in the end he says, 'Bad, very bad'! But why should he care? Two at least of his pictures have been masterpieces – especially the first man tossed by a bull – and even the failures have had moments of rapture which in any lesser artist would seem extraordinary. Our concentration on this display of genius is fatiguing; but Clouzot has timed interruptions, in which we watch the sturdy 77-year-old painter, indefatigable himself, or Clouzot and his camera-man, Claude Renoir, talking together. Georges Awric's score contributes brilliantly to the varying moods, and the whole film is a condensed drama of a kind never seen before, and a record beyond price.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Ambiguous Butler

THE fourteen-day rule is dead and buried indeed when ITV can induce the acting Prime Minister to be interviewed by Mr Robin Day on matters which are to be the theme of a major Commons debate in four days' time. This is what occurred on Sunday in the first edition of the new programme, *Tell the People*; and Mr R. A. Butler was in such excellent televisual form, chortling and earnest by turns but always relaxed and confident – and when he chortles the medium makes more sense than a still picture can of his curiously orchidaceous mouth – that some viewers may well have felt that there was nothing much in all this talk about the Government's disintegration.

Even so, I do not think that opponents of the Government need object too strenuously to this experiment. The five o'clock shadow perceptible on Mr Butler's chin (on my set at any rate) seemed to be darkening his mind also. For all his superficial ease and charm, the weakness of the Government's position was betrayed by his flaccid English, his tired and mixed metaphors. Of the nation's financial resources and the 'labour force' he said: 'When we've got them sort of together, then we can start striding forward again; but we've got to win this round first.'

Moreover, it is surely unsatisfactory that a programme of this kind should be recorded. In the interview, Mr Butler forecast 'a great economy drive on both fronts, social and defence'; by the time it was broadcast, the Sunday papers had published strong rumours of Service pay rises costing £30m.; yet, because he was not interviewing Mr Butler live, Mr Day could not pounce on this obvious discrepancy. It also seemed odd that someone – perhaps with a backward glance at the fourteen-day rule – should have leaked to the press in advance the main points that were to be made in the interview, thus diminishing still further its impact as television.

If, however, poor Sir Anthony was watching, he may have been moved to a wry smile by the latest demonstration of the famous Butler trick of praising a leader in such a way as to leave a faint aftertaste of depreciation and to create doubts of that leader's indispensability. It's not so much what he says as the manner and tone in which he says it – and the thicker he lays it on, the more patronising, unconvincing, and equivocal it sounds. Thus, he seemed almost too pleased that his present leader should have gone to the remotest parts of the Commonwealth at this time: '*we* can carry on here, which we're doing with *considerable* success'. I myself have no doubt at all that it was a telepathic intuition that he was being praised by Mr Butler that sent Mr Macmillan's temperature up and gave him that restless

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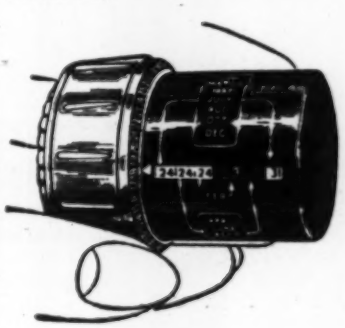
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night (an itching between the shoulder-blades?) on his flight between Asia and the Antipodes. But everyone who saw the performance will agree that Mr Butler is the best acting Prime Minister we have.

* * *

Associated Rediffusion's *USSR Now* and the reciprocal Soviet TV film, *Meetings in Britain*, are at least a good first instalment of the contribution that television can make to the enormous task of mutual understanding. These programmes are to be broadcast, respectively, on Tuesday next at 9.45 p.m. and on Thursday at 11 p.m. They are described as 'completely non-political', and so, in the narrower sense of the word, they are – as indeed, until confidence is fully established, they no doubt had to be. This means that many of the most important things about each country are not shown or mentioned, and the films are really what used to be called 'travelogues'. Still, it is valuable that the peoples of Britain and of Russia should be allowed to see each other as neither ogres nor slaves, and a good deal of information about the different systems is imparted incidentally: British viewers will learn something about the organisation of a collective farm and of Soviet education, Russian viewers will learn that aristocratic landlords in Britain still live on their rents, that dockers in dockland pubs talk about horse-racing, that the St James's Theatre is being pulled down because the owners find an office-block more profitable, and that 'the sea here never freezes and ships sail it all the year round'.

In the British film there are some fine shots of the orthodox liturgy and of the great new pioneering developments in Siberia; it was sad to be shown Uzbekistan with nothing of Samarkand's superb mosques, but the task of selection must have been appalling and as it is the film shows, if anything, too much of the remoter republics and agriculture and too little of Moscow and heavy industry. In the Soviet film there is a good interview with Mr Priestley, and a Shakespeare sonnet is read in English by Dame Peggy Ashcroft and in Russian by the Soviet poet, Samuel Marshak.

Both films were previewed on a closed circuit at Television House on Tuesday. I couldn't help taking a certain melancholy pleasure in the fact that even there, and even on this occasion, the TV sets kept on going wrong, even more often and more blindingly than mine does. It's rather like the sputnik versus the conquest of the common cold: they can can the immensities of the steppes, but they can't show us the result without flickering, distortion, interference, and occasional complete breakdown.

TOM DRIBERG

'The Merry Widow', at Sadler's Wells

The trouble about taking Lehar's tuneful old score into the opera repertory and dolling it up as a 'minor classic' is that you risk turning it into a major bore. At Sadler's Wells this danger is barely avoided. There are new words by Christopher Hassall, a strictly old-fashioned production by Charles Hickman and defiantly hideous sets by Thea Neu, against which the operatic cast makes a brave stab at the unfamiliar style. Result: a romping harum-scarum show faintly reminiscent of those put on once a year by the local Operatic Society. Thomas Round catches something of the Ruritanian insouciance of Danilo; June Bronhill turns the romantic heroine into a pert soubrette; William McAlpine sings prettily; Alexander Gibson conducts with spirit. What, we asked ourselves on emerging, would Miss Baylis have said at the sight of the can-can, with salmon and heliotrope undies daringly flashed in the faces of her Islington patrons, and the splits resoundingly achieved on her homely boards? Perhaps she would have silenced the voice of conscience with the thought of the box office, which is certain to prosper from a popular and badly needed success.

D. S.-T.

Correspondence

THE CASE AGAINST THE ETU

SIR,—Mr Wyatt claims to have considerable knowledge of the affairs of the ETU. His information may or may not be correct. There is certainly something to be questioned. But be that as it may, Mr Wyatt seems to have no *understanding* of the problem of trade unionism in relation to party politics and Socialism. His apparent lack of even an awareness of the issues involved makes his analysis sterile. Having been for some years an extremely active member of the Communist Party, and seen something of trade union activity, might I suggest a different approach.

The Labour movement in Britain avoids the issue of politics and trade unionism. The Labour Party was founded by the trade unions to represent their interests in parliament. And many union members see their political responsibility beginning and ending with the payment of the political levy. Communists have the advantage of a very explicit theory: the aim of the working class is the conquest of state power and the use of that power to build Socialism and smash capitalist attempts to stop the advance to Socialism. Socialist political success depends on working-class initiative. Political power must be exercised through all the agencies of the working class and stem from the point of production itself—the factory floor. In factory organisation there is the foundation of Socialist power. Parliament has its relevance in this context and is subordinate to it.

What is wrong with this view? Nothing. The test is interpretation and application. The trouble arose when Communists got down to working it out in practice – and the party took the wrong road. This is no place for an historical analysis of bureaucratic sectarianism in the British CP. Yet that is what is really required to explain Communists in the ETU or anywhere else. A good Socialist (one presumes) puts his principles first. Support for the Labour movement, as such, is itself a first principle. His support for a particular form of organisation is secondary. The bureaucrat reverses this order. He puts the organisation first. If he is a Communist bureaucrat he will honestly believe that it is politically correct to regard the party as his first principle.

The reasoning is more or less as follows. Socialism is inevitable, for reasons convincingly explained by Karl Marx. It will be achieved by the exercise of working-class power. The leadership of the working class must necessarily pass to the Communist Party as the only party with scientific theory and disciplined integrity based upon a recognition of the class struggle (cf. the Russian Revolution, etc). Therefore the CP is destined to rule and Socialism is inconceivable otherwise. The party *cannot* fail. When the party is under attack, the attack is an attack on the working class, and so a betrayal of Socialism.

Given this theory, the position of the party in the west is then reinforced by knowledge of the real achievements of the party in the east since it is assumed that both are, and have been, acting on the same Marxist principles. The final prop comes from such statements as this from Mao Tse-tung: 'Since vacillating elements unwilling to carry on have withdrawn, the great majority of staunch party members are more firmly united for the struggle'. This extraordinary statement referred to Communist parties universally, in relation to the great debate after Hungary.

It was over Hungary that bureaucracy found its highest expression to date. No matter how great the wrong, no matter how apparent the denial of principle, no matter how much the human suffering—the party is in the last analysis above criticism. Now people who are in that frame of mind have just lost their grip. All sorts of abuses can follow. They are committed by men and women who have unstintingly devoted their whole lives to the cause of Socialism. That is why it is so futile to approach the ETU question in the way that Woodrow Wyatt does. The bureaucrat, in a corner, evokes his somewhat worn trump card—the call of class solidarity. Something he has genuinely lived for he now calls to his own defence. If he has been guilty of serious abuse it is all he has left. But the call of class solidarity sounded to cover up a breach of principle is just so much demagogy used as a smoke screen to hide the truth. All this will apply to the Communist leaders of the ETU only to the extent that they are infected by the disease of bureaucracy. It is a disease of very uneven incidence, but it is very prevalent in the present leadership of the shattered ranks of the party.

Apparently Mr Wyatt doesn't like fraction meetings in the trade unions. What is the alternative? There is none. Fraction meetings carried out democratically and in the utmost good faith by party members are absolutely essential. Only it ought to be the Labour Party that was doing it! What better way to expedite decision and integrate activity? It is an absurd pipe dream to imagine that men have only to meet regularly at TU branches according to the letter of the rule book and lo! everything shall be added unto us. Under capitalism a variant of the class struggle has to be waged within the unions.

The real answer to the CP in the ETU or elsewhere is that the Labour Party should put its thinking cap on, try to understand what the CP has been attempting to do, why it has failed and work out just how the job should be done in future. And then do it. This positive task is the only solution. As it is pursued the bureaucratic Communists who have been digging their own graves for years will fall into them and the democratic Communists will enter the joint struggle with enthusiasm.

PETER CADOGAN

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THE NATURE CONSERVANCY

SIR,—It is small wonder the Conservancy are suspect. They derive from the Access to the Countryside Act, yet cynically exercise their powers by obstructing public access for unconvincing reasons. Their behaviour and explanations provoke the reaction that they are a group of well paid civil servants with contempt for the public, intent on building up for their own enjoyment a vast chain of private recreation grounds. Let me explain the experiences that have led me to form this view.

People in the village of Orford woke up one morning in 1954 to learn that the Nature Conservancy had acquired a 99 years' under-lease of their beach (Crown Land) and that it was declared a nature reserve. Shortly afterwards, notice boards were erected on the beach prohibiting access except by permit in all but a few inconvenient places, and forbidding the lighting of fires (though a safer place to do so than on a shingle beach could hardly exist), and forbidding the entry of dogs (with the result that rabbits multiplied till the county pests officer had to be called in, and rats attacked the nests of the breeding terns). In 1956 an advertisement appeared in the local paper announcing the intention of the Home Office (at the instigation, of course, of the Nature Conservancy) to close the beach altogether, under the Protection of Birds Act, with heavy penalties for infringement.

This evoked the protest that would be expected, and which would have been voiced if prior notice had been given of the original acquisition, and the scheme was withdrawn. By and by, another proposal was put forward by the Conservancy. They would ask the Home Office to close all the beach except those areas defined on the notice boards as already open.

A meeting of interested local people was convened, and to our astonishment the spokesmen of the Nature Conservancy attempted to justify this suggested act of expropriation on the ground that they intended to carry out researches into the factors involved in the formation of shingle spits. It was pointed out that it seemed a little anomalous to invoke the Protection of Birds Act in these circumstances, and that the self-imposed researches would hardly be hampered by the presence of the few people who habitually used the beach. Thank heavens the Home Office saw the point and let the matter drop.

Now the Conservancy return to the attack with the claim to have arranged a voluntary scheme to control access over the most important part of the beach. But public opinion was not consulted, and the person with whom they negotiated had no mandate; and, in fact, both sides well knew that, at the only large meeting where the matter was discussed, every voice was raised against such control.

The Conservancy have powers to exclude the public under by-laws. Theoretically they could do the same thing for Brighton beach, if, say, they asserted they had found an unusual lug-worm there. First they could acquire it by compulsory purchase, and then promote the by-laws. But of course there are proper safeguards if the correct procedure is followed.

Why have the Conservancy four times tried to get Orford beach for themselves by devious methods instead? And by the way, their annual report incorrectly asserts that control is an established fact. Is it not time for the committee of the Privy Council in whose name all this is going on to call a halt, and put these affairs in less unsatisfactory hands?

RICHARD PINNEY

Gedgrave, Orford

OUTWARD BOUND

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the points raised by Mr J. Benjamin in his letter on 'Outward Bound' will be among those considered by the new 'Wolfenden Committee' on sports and outdoor activities in the UK, which begins its investigations this month.

However, Mr Benjamin unnecessarily draws strange conclusions before making his main and admirable contention. Sports, games and recreative activities for the boy are not, as Mr Benjamin appears to believe, designed to 'fob him off until the day when he will enter the world proper', neither is an interest in sport indicative of homosexual tendencies! Sports and games will always hold the attention of youth in societies which are not degenerate; some, naturally, are suitable only for boys and *vice versa*, but many bring the sexes together; the recreative activities taught at the Outward Bound schools are extremely popular among both boys and girls. In a highly urbanised community it is, of course, difficult to ensure that travel to the countryside is speedy and inexpensive; it is a challenge which must be met if we feel that the communion with nature experienced in mountain and other outdoor pursuits is something worth while to be made readily available to everyone.

I support Mr Benjamin wholeheartedly, however, in his appeal for centres 'providing a variety of informal activities, cultural, technical and social, every one of which would be available every night'. Such centres exist abroad; I have visited them in Helsinki, Prague and, more recently, in Warsaw; call them community centres, palaces of culture, or what you will, they are investments in national health and human happiness which cannot be equated in terms of sterling. The co-operation of the 'social services' is certainly essential in this matter and the first task is to convince those who plan the social services that exercise is a worthy part of the cultural pattern necessitating the abundant provision of swimming pools and indoor sports facilities, among other things. I must point out that we need to go no further than Peckham to find a centre which once embodied these principles, yet today, I believe, is used as a store. Our whole approach to this matter needs overhaul; millions of people in the cities of these islands have nowhere, all-purpose in conception, convenient, pleasant and architecturally beautiful where they are able to enjoy their leisure.

The suggestion that the TUC has some responsibility in this matter is interesting; most certainly the TUC can help tremendously. Trade unions in the Soviet Union are keenly interested in sports development, and in the United States at least one large union (the Automobile Workers' Union) makes special provision for 'recreation for members and their families'.

Action is necessary at individual, local and national levels. Parliament must be made fully aware of demands in this direction. In June 1956, for example, the President of the United States called a conference on 'the fitness of American youth'. Since then, 'fitness councils', pledged to work for better facilities and leadership, have been organized in almost every state. Many Scandinavian public figures demonstrate their awareness of these problems by personal participation in some form of physical recreation. Must our own efforts be restricted to bathing at Brighton and ringing handbells? In this matter, however, both major political parties have a poor record and both would do well to consider making those 'experiments set in the bricks and mortar of the towns and cities' which Mr Benjamin rightly calls for.

D. W. J. ANTHONY

Loughborough Training College

NUCLEAR WEAPONS

SIR,—The declaration by the Paddington Council for the Abolition of Nuclear Tests is surely completely ruined by the evasive vagueness of its final call to the government?

A government, which still relies in the last resort upon the method of war, is scarcely likely to put itself at a disadvantage by abandoning what it believes to be its most effective weapon. The Paddington Council, far from putting forward any concrete proposal to meet this obvious objection, piously demands that the government 'play a positive role' (whatever that may mean) 'in bringing together the great nations of the world'. Plainly Mr Macmillan will reply that that is precisely what he is endeavouring to do; so will Mr Eisenhower, and so too will B. & K.

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It is not possible to secure peace by restricting the method of war, but only by abandoning that method altogether. The only logical action which those who are concerned to save the world from nuclear warfare can take is to declare against warfare itself. It is becoming more and more obvious that the only alternative to total war is total peace, and the only real answer is disarmament by example. To do this would be the most 'positive role', the most courageous, and the most moral that could be played.

SYBIL MORRISON

6 Apollo Place
SW10

THE COST OF WAR

SIR,—I should like to refer to a statement made by Mr Michael Howard in his article on the literature of the two world wars in your issue of 11 January 1958. He speaks of the circumstances which influenced the literature, and says of the second world war that 'fortunately the military techniques and resources were this time available to destroy (Nazism) *with comparatively little sacrifice of human life*'. It is true that in the second world war the British Commonwealth and France together lost only about 1,200,000 killed, including many civilians, as compared with over three million killed in the forces alone in the first world war. But surely we should not forget that it was the Russians who in Churchill's phrase 'tore the guts out of the Nazi armies'; and that their part in our combined achievement cost them seven million dead—more than twice the combined British and French military losses of the first world war.

JOHN PLATTS-MILLS

Cloisters
Temple, EC4

NEW TOWNS

SIR,—May I say how much I agree with the article 'A Chance for Local Democracy'? In view of the government suggestion of some kind of an agency to own New Towns and collect the profits for the Treasury, there is an urgent necessity for a clear statement of Labour Party policy and it should be made at an early date.

In my view we should make it plain that the original idea of handing them over to the appropriate local authority will continue to be our policy. Public, and democratic, ownership is a good Socialist principle and so long as the Treasury gets its interest charges and repayment of capital, any nett profits should be used to reduce rents and extend and improve the social amenities. Many local authorities now have considerable experience in managing estates, and I see no reason why they should not be competent to take over New Towns when the time comes—and do the job successfully.

The fact that tenants may be a majority of the local electorate is nothing to be feared by Socialists. It is surely fundamental to our Socialist faith that the wealth producers will become the owners, tenants and sharers in the responsibilities of management of every form of capital development. Therefore I hope that the party will make an early declaration that will stick to the proposals of the 1946 Act, and that we set up more New Town corporations to help in the solving of the housing and town planning needs of all the so-called 'conurbations'. Thus we can make a reality of our housing policy of a 'good home for every family' as the basis of our social system.

C. W. GIBSON
Vice-Chairman, Local Government Group
Parliamentary Labour Party

House of Commons

HOMELESS FAMILIES

SIR,—Your comment on Newington Lodge (11 January) is, I regret, no better informed than Audrey Harvey's comments in March, 1957.

The decision to have one centre (at Newington Lodge), instead of several, for giving initial help to homeless families, was made by the Council's Welfare Committee as far back as 9 May 1956. The new arrangements came into use in July 1956, seven months before Mrs Harvey's article was published.

I do most sincerely hope that you may find it possible to adopt a more constructive and co-operative approach to the practical and human problems involved, and the Council's efforts to deal with them. The Council is always ready to welcome worth-while contributions which anyone has to offer—whether they take the form of well-informed criticism or any other; but it is not reasonable to expect the Council to join with someone who is unwilling to check the facts or take the opportunity of hearing what the Council has to say and show them before launching a public attack on one of the Council's services.

Such tactics help neither the public bodies nor the press to play their parts in public affairs. Least of all do they help the homeless families or other people we seek to serve.

I. J. HAYWARD
Leader of the London County Council

The County Hall
SE1

[The LCC's 1956 decision to have one centre for homeless families at Newington Lodge was not under discussion in our comment, which referred to the LCC's circular on 'revised administrative arrangements'. One of these, mercifully, cut out the need for homeless families to make initial application at local admitting offices before going on to Newington Lodge. That circular was issued five months *after* Audrey Harvey's article was published. Mr Hayward's insinuations that this journal and Mrs Harvey had failed to check the facts is unwarranted: our facts have not been refuted.—ED., *NS*.]

REPORTER AND PROFESSOR

SIR,—In his review of my book *Democracy in Western Germany*, Mr R. H. S. Crossman states that I 'cannot report' what I 'see and hear'. Substantial parts of the book were based as much on what I had seen and heard as on what I had read. The charge is therefore a serious one. It is hard to understand how Mr Crossman could commit himself to this generalisation, while knowing so little about me and the way I spent my time in Germany. Will he give one or two examples of my incapacity so that I can reply to any specific criticisms that he has to make?

RICHARD HISCOCKS

The Harvard Club
New York

[R. H. S. Crossman writes: 'In my review I quoted one long, very embarrassing passage to prove my contention that Professor Hiscocks, whatever his academic qualities, is a strange kind of reporter. I am sorry he feels hurt, but I would remind him that success in journalism and in political science are difficult to combine'.—ED., *NS*.]

BRITISH DOCUMENTARY

SIR,—Christopher Brunel was right in taking me to task for suggesting criticism of the workers in documentary films. The films they make are generally the responsibility of their producers. It is the producers who have forgotten that documentary must, to live, be about people. And the biggest offenders are the producers of the organisations with film units of their own. For some strange reason, humanity passes them by.

One last word to Christopher Brunel. He talks about 'legislating for a crazy-mixed-up industry'. This contradiction in terms is what I'm worrying about. It is the occasional crazy, energetic imaginative, ambitious kid that puts new life and guts into our business and may eventually make work for the lot of us. If no one like that is allowed to get into films until all the unemployed are absorbed, then it's a poor look-out for all of us.

HARRY WATT

Ealing Films Limited
W5

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The World of George Apley

LIKE Dublin and Edinburgh, Boston has imposed in our common culture. There is an American delusion that the city is very English; indeed a delicious character in one of John P. Marquand's novels* noted that London was rather like the Beacon Hill district, only larger! We can argue that ancestor worship, class consciousness, love of tradition, the sense of duty, the taste for affectations of speech, are English specialities; but Boston has maintained them with a strenuousness and a system quite foreign to our lazy temperament. In education, the ideas of Dr Arnold, when Boston imported them, were imposed on boys whose family life was going to be a prolongation of school by other means; never were school days more purposeful. Then, we have to note, Puritanism has never had an unchallenged run in England; our snobbery has very frequently been vulgar and almost always romantic. The rich upper middle classes in England expansively exchanged their disciplines for the embraces of the careless aristocracy. If every Englishman dearly loves a lord, it is out of fanciful self-consequence, like the love of bad patriotic verse. But when we hear a Bostonian Great Aunt Jane saying, in one of Mr J. P. Marquand's novels: 'You don't know how close we come to being nobility. In a sense, indeed, we are nobility', there is no romantic nonsense about that at all. She means it. She is stating a sociological thesis. She is almost preparing a doctorate. Edinburgh, trained for worth, leaning and distinction, not southern England, is her spiritual home.

As a subject for the satirical connoisseur of mutual admiration societies, their rise and their decay, Boston has been the victim of many American novelists. The city stood out against the American current too long. In the Thirties, John P. Marquand fell upon it with three good studies in the decline of the high bourgeoisie. It was the conventional theme of the period and one which, by now, we have had enough of. Upper class snobbery is an exhaustible subject and we are now much more interested in the inverted snobbery of the 'chip'. Marquand is now a best seller and his later work, as far as I know it, has drifted. Success tempts the American novelist to become a kind of Public Relations Officer ad-libbing into feature journalism. But in *The Late George Apley* (now re-issued), *H. M. Pulham Esquire* and *Wickford Point*, he was writing out of the severity of intense experience. These books have the well-chiselled, ironical stare of epitaphs in a churchyard. Marquand is a dedicated craftsman, one who can seek the unusual difficulty and works on it with intelligence and skill. In *The Late George Apley* he took one of Boston's most sacred of family aberrations, the writing of the pious memoir, as the basis of his book. Affecting to be an old pedantic friend of the Apley family consumed by literary vanity, he wrote for them a *Memoir* which they could circulate privately for self-congratulation. *The Late George Apley* is a parody of the Boston memoir to perfection: pompous, flaccid, evasive, ungrammatical in an educated way, it is a bland and verbose obituary which exposes all by so patently suppressing the truth. The narrative consists chiefly of letters, as is common in such family volumes. The model was appropriate; the prevarications and dodges of letter writers become very clear as time goes by. What is *Clarissa* but a devastating exposure, albeit direct, of the rising bourgeois family system in England more than a century before?

Another book like *George Apley* would be intolerable. It was a *tour de force*. Marquand perfectly catches the dilemma of well-intentioned people who are self-trapped. The Apleys are rich, high-minded, exclusive, responsible, implacable and provincial. They won't have Unions in the Textile mills because they sincerely feel they are above the moral necessity – or obligation – for that kind of battle. The Puritan conscience has perfected two new sins: letting down the family and disrespect for wealth – a wealth which is a sign of virtue because it is unostentatious, humdrum and philanthropical. So 'good' is this wealth, so protected by 'principle' that in financial crises the widows and orphans must be sacrificed, for the morality's sake, to the State Street bankers; if there is any rescuing to be done, private charity – often very generous – does it. Wealth is also a weapon. There are no individual wishes in this society; there are only class or family wishes. Most men in George Apley's generation, at any rate – the generation that sent its sons to the 1914 war – threw over any undesirable young lady they might have privately fallen for, married the right girl of Momma's choosing, joined the clubs and charities, quarrelled as they grew older about Trusts and the plots in the cemetery, tried awkwardly to get the confidence of their children and died with the sense that they had never had what they wanted. Trust funds tied the hands of sons; delinquents, even in middle life, were bluntly threatened. George Apley wrecked his cousin's life by financial threat and felt he had saved a sinner. The wives, as the key-pieces in family strategy, were formidable. The mother of Samuel Butler is their prototype. They ruled either by sentimentality or from the impregnable strongpoint of the sick-bed.

George Apley's career has the pathos of those who find the responsibilities of wealth a convenient treadmill. He is a dull, yet likeable man. Going round and round, in the family system, becomes perforce all his pleasure. To him and his like, with their money in the family textile mills and law offices, Boston's period of iron mediocrity has set in. But Mr Marquand has not made him all of a piece. He has seen ingeniously to it that we shall never be quite sure at what point George Apley's virtue turns into hypocrisy, or his hypocrisy, making a lucky recovery, scrambles back into virtue. George Apley's trouble is that the system has allowed him to know only one kind of person, his own set; he hankers after a world that is denied him. There is a nice situation at the end of Apley's life which shows Marquand's delicacy as an observer of the world. Apley is innocently involved, through political stupidity, in a public scandal. The scoundrel who tries to blackmail him turns out to be the brother-in-law of an Irish girl with whom George had had a platonic but 'undesirable' romance when he was young. He agrees to a deal when she pleads for it – but he does not agree because of sentiment alone. What has moved him, characteristically, is the girl's sense of responsibilty to her shady family! Family responsibility – the very law can be justly sacrificed to that. Even the rascals in the police are permitted to do well out of this episode.

A sort of compulsion from on high to use the pen as much as possible was the foible of the Bostonians. In *H. M. Pulham Esquire*, we find Pulham preparing notes for his own short memoir to be put in the archives of his Harvard class. He was there in 1915 and so belongs to the generation which made the big break. The war liberated him; New York had lured the intelligent. But Pulham had the same difficulty as the earlier generation. He got away to New York and a prolonged and comic connection with the advertising world. He was valuable there as an example of the drab, neutral average man; he was the office 'natural'. Pulham managed for years to get out of the closed family system; he managed to dodge the girls he was intended for and took up with one who was certainly not of his class. He knew that, after a battle, the family would accept her and, putting on their public face, would sit down and write letters all round saying how delighted they were; what he did not reckon with was that the girl would throw him over because she could not stand it. She saw, in one of those awful moments when the real situation in a family is exposed, that they were all afraid of the butler. And quite rightly; he was mother's spy. Once again, Pulham is an enjoyable mediocrity. By the end of his life he is so dedicated to preserving the family front, he has so conscientiously disposed of his power to love, that he is unaware of his wife's infidelity. Bossy and irritable, she is not such a monster as the Mommas of the earlier period, but Boston has killed all chance of her ever being anything but a scratchy and dissatisfied woman. We leave the pair earnestly returning to their bickerings, preparing their children for the same treadmill and waiting in half-satisfied melancholy for the end.

By this period, in the Thirties, the rebels have got away, leaving behind them certain pockets of madness of which *Wickford Point* is a lively description. Here we no longer have to pity our over-weighted bourgeois, but enter the sinister farce of the New England dream. Here the Brills, living on the small funds of a dwindling Trust, fancifully obsessed by their family's exclusiveness and the fame of a dead parent who has been a very bad poet, are at the fag end of a tradition. They have produced two sponging sons and one formidable daughter, Bella Brill, the captivating, man-chasing, un-

* *The Late George Apley*. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. *Collins*, 16*s*.

H. M. Pulham Esquire. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. *Penguin*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

scrupulous New England bitch. Like all Marquand's characters she is emotionally neutral. The only positive trait is egotism. She feels nothing and wants everything. In the end, it looks as though justice will be done, and that Bella is falling for the phoney Middle-Western scholar at Harvard who has been taken in by the 'romance of New England'. She will surprise him. She will destroy him. Thoroughly disorientated, irresistibly attractive and with little education, she has wrecked her lovers and her husband. Bella is an original comic creation and is done with a mixture of venom and affection. For the fact is, that the cult of her family has ruined her. She is probably a nymphomaniac, certainly a liar without quite knowing what a lie is, incapable of love but impudently incapable of leaving it alone. She is a bitch, Mr Marquand remarks, and therefore a coward; afraid of everything outside the family dream. The other characters are New England eccentrics and, in their way, are lightly amusing; but Marquand has his eye on what their madness is covering up. They are all under the spell of Momma again, but now she has become a scatterbrained but hard-headed old female Oblomov who keeps the family 'original' and 'unlike any other people' in order to hold them there. She is, in her lackadaisical manner, a killer and, once more, it is the idea of the family, exclusive, solid, changeless and now mad, that is her justification.

Once more, Marquand has digressed effectively and ironically into material of the Brill family record. He has also brought in some farce from the world of literary agents and publishers. This is slapstick. But the essential snare – the character of Bella Brill – is most expertly exposed, a mesh at a time; and Bella's final outbreak in a New York apartment is one of the funniest and most cruel unmaskings that I remember in modern fiction. All the same, the narrator who has described the delusions of Wickford Point and has stood for the vital necessity of getting away from it, is seen going back. He will never be able to do without an occasional dram of the poison. I do not think Marquand has written anything as good since. He has probably worked off his hate and now loves New England too much. Acceptance is the enemy of satire.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Children and Death

Not to be spoken of, they will not let
  Us enter rooms where anyone has died,
And they put candles by our beds, a light
  That keeps us watchful and more terrified

Than any dear familiar darkness where
  Our shadows slip away. We dream of death
Sweet and apparent in the freedom there
  And ape a dying by a withheld breath.

Nor do they know our games have room enough
  For death and sickness. We have stretched them out
Further than childhood or parents' love
  And further even than the breath of doubt.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Nelson: Revised Version

A Portrait of Lord Nelson. By OLIVER WARNER. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s.*

Biographers of Nelson tend to trip themselves up with hero-worship, but Mr Warner is determined to temper his own enthusiasm and render a more balanced account, in which the great man will be depicted for our benefit 'warts and all', whenever necessary. It is difficult, however, to adopt a temperate line when dealing with such a very intemperate person. Moreover, the two faces that Nelson presented to the world are incommensurable by the usual method of psychological reckoning. The silly boaster whom Wellington first met in Castlereagh's anteroom was transformed a quarter of an hour later into a brilliant, level-headed statesman. 'The sudden and complete metamorphosis' that baffled the Duke in 1805 has since baffled all Nelson's biographers who have tried to reconcile the *folie de grandeur* and the actual grandeur in his character. But how does one strike a balance between sense and nonsense?

Mr Warner, very sensibly, does not waste any time trying to do so. The balance he strikes is between Lady Nelson and Lady Hamilton, not between the contradictions in Nelson himself; and he plumps firmly, like George III, for the wife. Poor Emma is cast for the role of warts in his view of the marital situation. But he has also identified another little wart that apparently has eluded previous biographers. For ten months in 1794-5, when Nelson was cruising in the vicinity of Leghorn, he took 'a dolly' aboard with him from time to time. The name of the dolly is unknown; but Captain Fremantle, who dined with her occasionally on *Agamemnon*, entered in his diary: 'Dined with Nelson. Dolly aboard who has a sort of abscess in her side, he makes himself ridiculous with that woman'. And a later entry runs: 'Dined with Nelson and Dolly. Very bad dinner indeed.'. According to Mr Warner this episode with the dolly explains the guarded understatement by Harrison in his Nelson biography: 'He was always well known to maintain rather more partiality for the fair sex than is quite consistent with the highest degree of Christian purity'. Most of us had previously supposed that this was a covert reference to Emma. But Mr Warner is probably right in his dolly deduction.

It would be absurd to criticise Nelson's professional career: his genius for naval warfare can never be questioned. Mr Warner gives the four great sea victories the usual full and rather ecstatic treatment, with maps showing the disposition of the fleets as an aid to landsman's ignorance. But the daredevil tactics that revolutionised fleet actions were inappropriate closer in shore; and Mr Warner makes no apologies for the bloody repulse at Teneriffe or the dismal fiasco at Boulogne. He does, however, find some lame excuse for the affair of Caracciolo in the Bay of Naples. A 'macabre incident', he calls it when Nelson hangs a fellow Admiral from the yardarm for the crime of being a dago and taking the wrong side in local politics. 'He himself never doubted that he acted rightly. His conduct was approved in generous terms by the Admiralty.' As if a sufficient dose of self-righteousness and a pat on the back from the Establishment can justify any barbarity! In the crucial matter of Nelson's behaviour to the Neapolitan insurgents Mr Warner proves no more hard-headed than the hero-worshipping school of biographers who have all contracted the habit of turning the blind eye. They like to present Nelson as a wonderfully kind, considerate and humane being, a brother to his officers, a nanny to his midshipmen and a benign demi-god to the lower deck. So indeed he was; as is proved by innumerable anecdotes. But they fail to notice that he was also, as is the privilege of genius, the exact opposite, and the most bloodthirsty of men, ever seeking out death and carnage. '*Down, down* with the damned French villains' means, as a corollary, down, down with the jolly Jack Tars, and eventually down with Nelson.

At the end of his book, Mr Warner, who is an iconographer as well as a writer, includes a list of all the extant portraits of Nelson taken from life, of which there are a great many. 'That foolish little fellow Nelson has sat to every painter in London', said Lord St Vincent in 1801. But there is one wise absentee. The anonymous artist who was invited to portray him for the Captains at the Nile refused the commission. 'There is such a mixture of humanity and ambition in Lord Nelson's countenance that I dare not risk the attempt.'

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Clods to the Cosmos

New Bottles for New Wine. By JULIAN HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

The Next Hundred Years. By H. BROWN, J. BONNER and J. WEIR. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18*s.*

The World of the Soil. By E. J. RUSSELL. *Collins.* 25*s.*

The opening paragraph of Huxley's collection of essays is startling. 'Man's unveiling of the face and figure of the reality of which he forms a part, the first picture of human destiny in its true outlines' is given as the most remarkable development of the present century. That sounds more like the voice of a Wilberforce than of a Huxley. Such cocksureness that current fashions will have a permanent validity comes more often from astronomers, bishops and physicists than from biologists. Luckily this is a passing aberration and reasonable scepticism characterises most of the other essays. Half of them deal with the general position of man in the universe and with the changes in education and outlook that would make us more successful in filling it. These show a robust confidence in the efficacy of reason and objective knowledge. Huxley realises that only a minority is interested in these things and suggests that, if they are to become central in a new ideology, they may have to be promoted by the techniques of religion. If this were done we would have a religion that was only tens instead of thousands of years out of date. That would clearly be an immense step forward but it is hardly a complete solution. If Beelzebub cannot cast out devils, you cannot preach reason by irrational means.

These essays are not all general. Half are interestingly factual and deal with animal camouflage and migration, and with human breeding habits and food supplies. The last theme is especially important. Emphasis is laid on the too-often forgotten fact that things are getting worse. According to the World Health Organisation, before the war 24 per cent of the world population got more than 2,700 calories a day and 49 per cent less than 2,200, now the figures are 22 per cent and 66 per cent. The well-fed fare much as before, but the condition of the ill-fed is getting worse.

This theme is expanded by the American authors of *The Next Hundred Years*. They con-

sider the probable trends in world population and, having discussed the improvements that it is reasonable to expect in agriculture and other modes of food production, they conclude that the problems of coping with three times the present population are soluble but that there is a limit. They therefore put in a strong plea for more ample research on contraception. They tell a familiar story clearly, but they seem to misplace the emphasis.

It is no part of the job of a scientist to tell people that they must stop breeding because it would be inconvenient to have to feed more than a certain number. The scientist's job is to fool around less with sputniks and the moon's backside and settle down to produce the food that is needed. At the same time he should try to give people the means of having the number of children they positively want. Most of us are probably now conceived inadvertently, so that this measure of control would have the effect of diminishing pressure on food supplies. But the motive behind the research should be the duty to try to give people what they consciously want rather than the arrogant wish to tell them what they ought to want.

The future of power supplies looms large in this book and great hopes are placed on nuclear energy. In a thoughtful postscript Sir Solly Zuckerman points out that the problems of disposing of increasing amounts of radio-active waste have not yet been solved; they have perhaps hardly been recognised. The three authors seem too easily to accept contemporary bad habits as part of the permanent structure of mankind. One does not have to be a devout disciple of Veblen to wonder whether our casual squandering of energy and other resources in the manner that characterises 'Western Civilisation' will not seem as comic to our descendants as our ancestors' ruffs and footmen seem to us.

Sir John Russell keeps his feet firmly on the ground. He urges us to keep our eyes on it, too, and describes the fascinating things we will find there. He traces the origin of the soil both chemically from the rocks that weather to form it, and historically through the different forms of plant cover – heath, forest, swamp, etc. – that nursed it until farmers took control. He describes the various forms of life in it and shows vividly that a clod is a turbulent microcosm. It is on this turbulence that our food supply depends; different techniques of management may help or hinder the processes that turn soil components into plant foods. Most of these necessary foods can also be supplied by the chemical industry and crop yields could be vastly increased throughout the world if more ample supplies of artificial fertiliser were available. This book makes it clear that if all farmers showed the skill and enterprise of the best, there would be little need for anxiety about our food supplies at present. Sir John, unlike the others, is not concerned to look into the future.

These three books are related by a spirit of restrained optimism. The authors know what we could do to improve the general condition of mankind and they know that it is largely official ignorance and prejudice that keep it from being done. Brown and his colleagues are particularly emphatic about the need for peace before these obstacles can be got rid of. Huxley, thinking further ahead, finds a more extensive group of obstacles and wonders about the future of religion, education, morality, and personal relationships. He comes, in essence, to the same conclusion as the more humane thinkers in the past:

> To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
> All pray in their distress.

In an essay called 'What do we know about love?' he shows that, like Blake, he attaches as much importance to eros as to agape.

N. W. PIRIE

Philosophy in France

Bergson. By IAN W. ALEXANDER. *Bowes & Bowes.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Albert Camus. By PHILIP THODY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

The words 'problem' and 'argument' are everywhere to be found in the speech and writing of British philosophers at the present time. It is generally assumed that philosophy consists of connected, but separable, problems. When a problem has once been clearly stated, there is the possibility of a solution by argument. An argument that is valid and conclusive in 1958 will remain conclusive for ever. There can therefore be a consolidation of results, a body of philosophical work finished once and for all, with other problems, still unsolved, left to our descendants. This is a comforting view of philosophy, since it allows for co-operation, rational method and a confident teaching and learning of results. More clear thinking, and occasional inspired discoveries of new forms of argument, may steadily force back the area of mystery, even if new problems are always coming to life in the background.

In most original French philosophy of the present time, this model of definite and separate problems, waiting for definite and piecemeal solutions, scarcely occurs at all. The main theme of French philosophy cannot be broken up into a number of manageable fragments: this theme is

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the subjective experience that each man allegedly enjoys in his own perceiving, acting, thinking and feeling. I add 'allegedly', because many philosophers here deny that there is any such thing as *l'expérience vécue*, a primitive level of experience which is misrepresented in our ordinary communications and which only philosophical reflection can discover. But if philosophers do need to penetrate beneath practical and scientific habits of thought to the original structure of experience, which is not revealed in science, they will need new imagery rather than new arguments, the invention of memorable examples rather than of new proofs. This has indeed been the strength of French philosophical writing, and, above all, of Bergson, who can still cast a kind of literary spell with images, metaphors and comparisons, when he challenges the logical habits of scientists. Everyone who enjoys virtuosity, and who dislikes philosophy and its abstractions, will enjoy *Les Données Immédiates de la Conscience*, his glittering, best-selling thesis of 1889 on the freedom of the will. Literary Paris found it irresistible, partly because it seemed to knock the bogy of scientific explanation – and of Taine – on the head, partly because it really is persuasive at a first reading. It is still the most readable philosophical essay for non-philosophers, while *Matière et Mémoire* (1896), his more solid masterpiece, is full of suggestions of genius.

The trouble with philosophy of this kind is that it can never be put to any use. Later philosophers cannot build on it, because nothing was ever finally proved, solidly settled by argument. Each work of this kind is a firework, that makes its effect of illumination, astonishes, and falls, and then one waits for the next one – from M. Sartre, perhaps – to explode in the unaltered darkness, brilliantly, and later to fall in its turn. There is nothing to do except applaud and to go elsewhere to learn. Unfortunately Professor Alexander does not reproduce Bergson's wonderful cleverness or do justice to his philosophy of mind. He makes him seem merely pompous and cloudy – 'Like Marcel and Whitehead, he envisages the experience of the absolute not so much as an experience of totality and extensity, but as one of intensity and depth, that is as one with the creative act of a mind' . . . Assimilating Bergson to others, rather than distinguishing him, this book is a disappointment in this generally excellent series.

M. Camus's thought does not survive the test of Mr Thody's honest and puzzled exposition. One is left at the end with the impression of a writer of great charm, a kind of moral charm, who loses his way in contemporary politics at exactly the points where every gentle and scrupulous man of the Left now feels himself lost and uncertain. The only difference, a big one, is that M. Camus is the author of *L'Etranger*, and that he is finally to be judged as an artist rather than as a philosopher. Mr Thody is unable even to decide whether *La Chute*, Camus's last philosophical work, presents his own convictions or is intended as satire. This suggests that it is still too early to assess his development, and that so far there is only a noble confusion. M. Camus has always tried to think philosophically about politics while living continuously near the centres of violence, violence first in the Resistance and now in North Africa, which was his home and which is still, as Mr Thody shows, a source of his imagination. Perhaps any political thought, not so tested, would now seem superficial, even if his seems incoherent.

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On the Last Day. By MERVYN JONES. *Cape.* 15s.

A Letter to Elizabeth. By BETTINA LINN. *Chatto & Windus.* 15s.

The Devil's Marchioness. By WILLIAM FIFIELD. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18s.

Mr Spender's book is not, in fact, a novel, but is made up of two long stories. The second and shorter, 'The Fool and The Princess', is much the less interesting and reads, as Mr Spender's prose so often does when poetry fails him and his comic sense is in abeyance, like late Henry James put together with a 'Do-it-yourself' kit. The title story is something very different. For a quarter of a century now Mr Spender has been one of our leading soldiers of culture: in the front ranks of UNESCO, PEN and the rest, he has fought the battles of engagement, committal, co-existence, the oneness of civilisation, at international conference-tables all over the world. In *Engaged in Writing*, his disillusionment finally crystallises, and the result is an invigorating display of controlled exasperation, a splendid exposure of the pomposity and futility of men of letters who have dehumanised themselves into word-machines. The scene is a conference in Venice organised by EUROPLUME shortly after Krushchev's speech to the Twentieth Party Congress. Sarret is there ('Engagement is, for me, the momentary de-bourgeoisifying of myself'), Sereno, the great Italian premature anti-Stalinist, Dunstan Curlew, the Marxist scientist, Csongor Botor, the old Hungarian poet, Pobedin, Korovin and Pomyalov. They make their set speeches but they do not communicate, and in the end nothing is agreed upon except to hold another conference in order to continue non-communication.

The satire of this particular kind of solemn and farcical unreality is brilliant, and done with a pungency and a panache reminiscent of Wyndham Lewis; indeed, in its way the story might be read as a dramatisation of *The Writer and the Absolute*. It has its weaknesses. The climax of the story, when Olim Asphalt, the representative of LITUNO, announcing his resignation, says: 'Still, if we could seriously exchange lists of murders, I believe we might be getting somewhere', is ineffective because of the failure of the rendering of Asphalt himself. He is not so much even a caricature as a cypher. On the other hand, the purely sensual world of Venice, in which the logic-chopping automata of East and West meet, is beautifully done, and so too is the sudden illumination of himself that Venice brings to Csongor Botor, the despised and self-despising president of the Hungarian writers' delegation.

On the Last Day seems to me Mr Mervyn Jones's best novel. He has never been afraid of the big subject, but there have been times when I felt his self-assurance too great and have been conscious of a strain of facileness in the working out of his themes. Not in this novel. It is set in 1959 and is all horribly probable. East and West are at war and Britain is occupied by the Russians, the British Government having transported itself to Quebec, which is the scene of the action. The mechanics of the plot turn upon the decision of the British Government to launch the first transatlantic hydrogen missile. The physicist who perfects the missile reflects, having just read *The Conquest of Peru*:

> These Spaniards had enemies only outside themselves. They were certain that what they did was right; more than that, they were visited by no suspicion that it could be wrong. If they died, they died horribly, racked by exhaustion and hunger in alien mountains or abandoned on a battlefield with a spear twisted in their bowels. But they died at peace with conscience. In our time the destroyers die in their beds, protected by drugs from all pain but the pain of thought; and into a hell that does not wait for death they carry their lies and the knowledge of their guilt.

In his story, Mr Spender sets against the unreality of words divorced from meaning the reality of ordinary sensual life. Mr Jones does something similar. Against the horrors of universal holocaust what can be set but the simplest, most fundamental things, and Mr Jones's rendering of the love between his British civil servant hero and his French-Canadian I found poignant. What I found less convincing was the spokesman of anti-Communism, the policeman Levrault:

> That is Communism: the impious chase after happiness, the lying claim that the world can be made better by giving people more to eat. I do not love the world, Mr Austen, but I find it a place of endless drama and fascination, with its strivings and failures, its goodness and its equally precious wickedness, with all the doubt and guilt and agony of mind that distinguish men from animals in a well-ordered zoo. All this our enemies want to banish, to clear the way for the noisy, boring jamboree they call progress. We can make only one worthy answer: the ultimate renunciation, the decision to die rather than deny our nature.

I suspect, I hope wrongly, that Mr Jones here thinks he is expressing the Conservative, Christian attitude towards Communism. In the context I suspect, I hope rightly, that Levrault is

in grave heresy. Nevertheless, one can only admire the firmness and the convincingness with which Mr Jones handles his fable for our times; and the whole description of the Canadian background strikes one as authentic.

Briefly, *A Letter to Elizabeth* relates the story of a sixteen-year-old American girl's first meeting with her illustrious father, a famous anthropologist. The novel itself is not brief: it exposes, in a somewhat Ibsenish way, layer after layer of personal relations and their hidden motives as played out in an American university town. I wish I admired it more than I do, for it is well written and carefully composed, and the author goes through all the motions of saying something important. But it seemed to me Elizabeth Bowen-and-soda-water. Miss Bowen is an author I prefer to take straight.

Mr Fifield's novel is a brick of a book about as nourishing as a brick. It is a very careful and thorough reconstruction – there are 506 pages of it – of the life and the crime of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, an eminent poisoner of the reign of Louis XIV. It's full of torture and alchemy and black magic – the Mass is blasphemously parodied in a charnel-house on the body of a naked girl – all presented in a cold, null way, related to nothing.

WALTER ALLEN

War Guilt

Bismarck and the Hohenzollern Candidature for the Spanish Throne. The Documents in the German Diplomatic Archives. Edited by GEORGES BONNIN. *Chatto & Windus.* 42*s.*

The publication of these documents finally completes a once-controversial chapter in European history: the origins of the Franco-Prussian War. As everyone knows, its immediate cause was the French reaction to the candidacy of a Catholic Hohenzollern, Prince Leopold, to the Spanish throne. Although the King of Prussia was himself opposed to such a candidacy, and withdrew his support in the face of French opposition, he refused a French request to give positive guarantees that he would not change his mind if, at any time in the future, the offer were renewed. The publication, by Bismarck, of a tendentiously shortened version of the telegram which contained the king's refusal led directly to the French declaration of war. At the time, Bismarck stoutly denied that Prussia was in any way concerned in the Hohenzollern candidacy, and for a generation this was the version assiduously peddled by German official historians. In the decade before 1914, however, the truth began to emerge: that Bismarck had, from the outset, strongly supported the candidacy and had succeeded in overcoming King Wilhelm I's opposition; and that he had guided the later stages of the crisis with the deliberate intention of provoking war with France.

Full documentary proof, however, was not available, for the German Foreign Ministry refused all access to its archives. In 1924, two German historians, Rheindorf and Platzhoff, were asked to report on the advisability of publication. In a remarkable state paper, reproduced in this volume, they pointed out that the documents conclusively demolished Bismarck's version, but that while, as historians, they recognised that publication would be of immense historical interest, as Germans, they were strongly opposed to the lifting of the ban. 'We Germans,' they wrote, 'carry so heavy a burden of "guilt for the war of 1914" which has been laid upon our shoulders that we must not ourselves provide evidence enabling the

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WINGATE

responsibility for the war of 1870 to be laid also at our door'. This conclusion was accepted, and the documents remained inaccessible until 1945, when they were captured, along with much else, by the British. They are now available in English, furnishing further proof of the unscrupulous character of Bismarck's foreign policy and, incidentally, of the extent to which German historians are prepared to sacrifice the most elementary principles of scholarship on the altar of national interest.

PAUL JOHNSON

Aristophanes Revived

Aristophanes: The Birds. Translated by DUDLEY FITTS. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Lysistrata has been putting up House Full notices at the Royal Court Theatre for a month. Of course, there is more than one reason why Aristophanes should have become a box office draw after 2,369 years of *succès d'estime.* Miss Joan Greenwood could persuade anyone of anything in that voice between a sigh and a rasp; the production of Minos Volanakis is elegantly Hellenic without a touch of pedantry, and the Lord Chamberlain has caught up with the view that straight sex is safe when it is large, serious and funny. But these pleasant people and things could not have come together to delight us if Mr Dudley Fitts had not written an English version that can be spoken and acted with conviction.

With the publication of *The Birds,* Mr Fitts comes forward as translator-in-chief to Aristophanes, though I must in fairness add that the versions written for broadcasting by Mr Patric Dickinson are nearly as lively and closer to the Greek sentences. *The Birds,* although it lacks the urgency of the peace-theme and the perfectly enormous joke of *Lysistrata,* is a better play and far harder to translate. In this fantasy of Cloud-cuckooland Aristophanes found himself as free as the air he wrote about. Everything which the Old Comedy demanded or his own genius could invent seems to flow into the play from the mere invention of the plot: two Athenians visit the birds and persuade them to build a city between gods and men and to live happily ever after on customs-duty from both. Instead of those corny old men and women of *Lysistrata* the chorus is 26 different birds – what a gift for the directors of decor and ballet! Everything men can do birds can do better, so parody, bawdy, blasphemy, political satire and high adventure chase each other through a dozen levels of poetry. And for bird-song Aristophanes wrote lyrics of easy ecstasy, as though it were no more trouble to be Shelley than to be Rabelais and Shaw.

Mr Fitts has grown into the theatre. There are two or three lines in his *Lysistrata* (*e.g.*, 'Good words and well pronounced') that have to be thrown away tactfully. In *The Birds* everything is taut, pointed, exact. The verse is astonishingly sensitive to the changes of mood which occur with the logic of a dream. Mr Fitts was an imagist poet before he was a translator. He knows how to concentrate effect in a phrase. When one of the Athenians is asked where he comes from he replies (in literal translation) 'From the place where the warships are beautiful'. Mr Fitts in a typical flash-forward puts it as 'Land of the Brave, Home of the Free'. For the lyrics he has written imagist poems that reflect

> the liquid instancy
> *tiotinx*
> of song,

with a distinction that has never before, I think, been found for them in English.

As most people first arrive at Aristophanes by reading him in a school or college dramatic society I hope that Messrs Faber will take themselves seriously as guardians of this important series of translations and that they will quickly see their way to producing a very much cheaper edition.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

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Letter from Little Rock

Face to Face. By VED MEHTA. *Collins.* 16*s.*

The letter, from Simla, was addressed to the Manager of the Arkansas School for the Blind at Little Rock:

> Dear Sir,—Unfortunately I am a Blind boy of nearly 15 years of age. I beg to state that I would like to come over to America for my further studies. . . . I have been studying in Dadar Blind School Bombay for nearly four years. . . . I got Blind when I was Four Years old, I lost eyesight with Manigitis. I studied in Emerson Institution For the Blind Lahore for one year. . . . Then I went over to St. Dunstan's for the War Blinded . . . I was taken there as a extra ordinary case . . And there is no more scope in India for my studies . . . I am typing this letter myself. . . . Do you have university Examination?

A month later the reply came:

> Dear Mr Mehta: I have your letter of 31 January. . . . In reply, I will say that we shall be happy to have you . . .

The official warmth of the reply is one of the most moving things in a moving and impressive book. Countless rejections from America and England, on misguided humanitarian grounds, had reduced Ved Mehta to despair. He was reconciled to his blindness – 'having no memories of seeing, there was nothing to look back to, nothing to miss' – and he had even scored a peculiar physical triumph over it: he could cycle in an empty street, sometimes without hands. But it was hard for a sensitive boy to reconcile himself to a futile life in India, where blindness is considered a curse, and the blind, unless they are musically gifted, can only beg or sell *pan* and cigarettes. 'The blind in India have no future, for in a country ridden with starvation and poverty, little attention can be paid to those with special problems.'

The letter from Little Rock came less than nine years ago. Today, after his start at Arkansas, Ved Mehta is at Oxford, with an impressive record at Pomona College in California. He is still only twenty-three. His American sponsors, who remain anonymous, could ask for no finer tribute than this autobiography. Ved Mehta tells his story with passion, modesty and a good deal of humour. In America he acquired not only degrees, but freedom and confidence; he learnt to put up with the thoughtlessness of the sighted – people who shout 'Look out!' to a blind man crossing the street and paralyse him with fear, people who think that a blind man is also deaf and talk to him in raised voices.

The triumph of Ved Mehta's adaptation to the seeing world is that his autobiography is not only about his sightlessness. He can extend his sympathy to others – a poor family in India, refugees from Pakistan, a Japanese misfit in America. *Face to Face* can also stand as a book about India; apart from its politics, which are elementary, it is fresh, rich and memorable for a vivid account of the Punjab massacres in 1947. At the time the Mehtas, Hindus, were in the predominantly Moslem town of Lahore. The whole medieval horror of those days is recalled in sounds and smells: the vicious slogans of the Moslem mobs, the 'occasional distant screams . . . the acrid smell of burning wood, of something destroyed', the Mehta women and children, with knives and poison for a quick death if necessary, sheltering in a room behind a steel door (it was newly painted and had a 'fresh, wholesome smell').

That was eleven years ago. Now Ved Mehta is at Oxford. After Oxford, what? He wants to go back to India, though he doesn't know what he can do there. Whatever he chooses he will have the goodwill of everyone who reads his book. I hope some copies reach the In-trays of the Indian officials who refused to support him at Oxford.

V. S. NAIPAUL

A Working Library

Horace Walpole's Library. By WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS. *Cambridge.* 45*s.*

No great writer has been so well served by posterity as Horace Walpole. A stickler for posthumous fame ('for this he has wrote, printed and built') he has reaped the reward of his own massive industry in the lifelong devotion of Mr Lewis, the self-dedicated high priest of Walpolian studies, a bibliophile of truly heroic proportions. In *Collector's Progress* Mr Lewis made the bookmen's mouths water—and their eyes grow round—with his description of the Library at Farmington (fire-proof, panelled in butternut) with its photostats, filing cabinets and hundreds upon hundreds of auction and booksellers' catalogues, all bearing

on the one absorbing topic ('a "diurnal" records what is known of every day in his life from his twentieth year to his eightieth'). In these racy and agreeable Sandars Lectures, Mr Lewis describes the four collections that made up Walpole's own library at Strawberry Hill—some 8,000 volumes, one-fifth of which has been recovered. (Mr Lewis adds, characteristically, that he owns 80 per cent. of the total salvage.)

Though Walpole was an ardent collector of prints and coins, where his library was concerned he was no connoisseur. He bought his books to be read and cared nothing for their collector's points, although, with his rage for personalities of every kind, he was delighted by their 'provenance'—what Mr John Carter calls 'the pedigree of a book's previous ownership'. He read omnivorously—sermons, plays, antiquities, topography, history, newspapers (which he pasted into cuttings books), political tracts—and annotated with a copious pithiness. 'There are', Mr Lewis tells us, 'marginalia in at least two-thirds of the books that have been recovered'.

> . . . This early habit of writing in his books became so strong that in his old age he forced his gouty hand to write, no matter how tightly a book was bound or how cramped were its margins; his small left hand pressed painfully down to hold it open and steady while his right carved out a note. . . . The large cross and asterisk were kept for a passage of exceptional interest; the exclamation point was a mark of scorn. Certain pages of books fairly crackle with this shorthand. . . . Much of his annotations was pedestrian; he corrected typographical errors; he filled in the vowels of proper names where they were printed with dashes, even the most obvious. He particularly liked to identify the people whose names were omitted in the text.

Mr Lewis meditates lovingly—cloyingly, the non-bibliophile might say—on the whole collection, noting the Petronius his hero acquired at 12, the ten-volume Bayle's *Dictionary* (the result of Conyers Middleton's efforts to turn him 'to the infidel side'), the *Tottel's Miscellany* (which Walpole so perversely undervalued), the lack of a Dante (whose work the writer dismissed as 'extravagant, absurd, disgusting, in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam'), and the almost total absence of erotica. He finishes with a lively description of the great sale of 1842, which lasted a week and drew 50,000 viewers to Twickenham. 'If there is one thing which I can claim to commend in myself', boasted Robins, the auctioneer, 'it is that I gave to this sale a degree of publicity that is without any parallel'.

It is good to think of Mr Lewis, sitting in his library at Farmington, fingering his beloved vols, reading Walpole's marginalia 'perhaps with particles of pounce still glittering in the ink'. It is even better to contemplate Walpole himself in his Round Tower at Strawberry, or

> on a sofa in one of the older and smaller rooms of the house, his prints heaped about him. The tyranny of the gout was mitigated by pots of tuberoses and heliotrope; Tonton, the dangerous little dog that Madame du Deffand had bequeathed to him, was at his feet, and a pail of iced water and a canister of snuff were at his elbow. Towards the end he kept a whistle around his neck to summon a footman . . .

No detail about this extraordinary man can be superfluous. He was a world in himself and we must be grateful to Mr Lewis for every fresh fact that he turns up in the course of his explorations.

JOHN RAYMOND

A revised edition of Dr Arundell Esdaile's *National Libraries of the World* has been published by the Library Association (44s., 33s. to members).

Shorter Reviews

Suddenly at the Priory. By JOHN WILLIAMS. *Heinemann.* 25s.

Yet another proffered solution of the refractory Bravo problem! Why did Charles Bravo swallow enough antimony to kill himself and yet deny having done so in the agony of death? Since the coroner's jury in 1876 brought in their verdict of Wilful Murder by person or persons unknown speculation has ranged far and wide. Of recent years, since all the protagonists must be dead, specific accusations have been levelled. Sir John Hall, Sir Arthur Channell and Miss Yseult Bridges, each selected a different target; and Mr Williams disagrees with all three. Readers must judge for themselves whether he carries conviction.

The history of the case is discussed exhaustively in 297 pages; and Mr Williams dismisses the hypotheses of suicide and misadventure somewhat brusquely, for his purpose is to prove wilful murder. On that supposition there are three suspects: the wife, the wife's companion Mrs Cox, and the wife's ex-lover, Dr. Gully, either singly or in combination, all sadly lacking in motive and opportunity; although Mr Williams believes he has thought up a sufficiently cogent motive that Scotland Yard failed to uncover. But he adduces no new evidence that was overlooked by the police at the time; and one must always remember when playing these posthumous games of detection that no arrest was ever made. And how can one account for Bravo's stoical silence, if murder was afoot? Mr Williams presents his theory with considerable skill and has made at least one distinguished convert. On the dust cover Mr John Dickson Carr endorses the book as 'the best reconstruction of the "Bravo Case" that I have ever read'. It is certainly the longest; and dare one hope that it will be the last?

R. P.

Prisons I Have Known. By MARY SIZE. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

Miss Mary Size, who ended her career in the prison service as Governor of the 'open' prison for women at Askham Grange, once asked the Chairman of the Prison Commission whether he would mind if she knitted while she listened to his address at a Governors' Conference. 'On the contrary,' he said, 'it is always my hope that something useful may come out of these conferences.' The same whiff of home-sweet-homespun softens the grimnesses in her book of 40 years' recollections, the book of a thoroughly nice woman unusually endowed with the qualities of leadership.

Mr Chuter Ede, who writes a foreword, was the Home Secretary who recalled her from retirement in 1947 to take charge of what then seemed a daring experiment: a completely open prison, in a large country-house in the Vale of York, for long-term women prisoners. It would be interesting to know how much of its success was due to the Spartan conditions under which it all started: the fuel-less winter of 1947 taxed the pooled ingenuity, resourcefulness and endurance of prisoners and staff in the elemental business of keeping warm and keeping reasonably well. This part of Miss Size's story calls to mind the comparable adventure of those young prisoners who opened Hollesley Bay Colony and the North Sea Camp as boys' Borstal Institutions, sustained and (it turned out) in many cases redeemed by the dramatic challenge of a common purpose. Not many prison governors receive a more eloquent testimonial than Miss Size was given by Joan Henry in her book *Who Lie in Gaol*. Her own book, despite its modesty and what some readers will regard as its naivety, completes and justifies the picture sketched by Miss Henry.

C. H. R.

A Bibliography of Henry James. By LEON EDEL and DAN H. LAURENCE. *Hart-Davis.* 84s.

Mr Edel has elsewhere recorded the formidable obstacles with which Henry James's elusiveness has confronted him as a biographer. And now as a biblio-

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grapher he has had the same experience: James is once more the antagonist, given to wilful mystification. 'Yet even if Henry James had been more precise, the bibliographical burden would have been extremely heavy: the sheer quantity of his writings, the anonymity of so many of his reviews and essays, the confusion resulting from publication in many places and with many publishers, the piracies, the multiple revisions and re-revisions, the publication since his death of many of his letters in widely scattered volumes, the very accidents of publication – such as the reversal of two chapters in *The Ambassadors* – the unravelling of all this has made for a difficult if engrossing task.'

But Mr Edel's unrivalled command of the whole field of James's life and writings makes him more than a match for the Master; and he has been fortunate, moreover, in finding in Mr Laurence a skilled and devoted collaborator, expert in all the technicalities of modern bibliography. The comprehensive excellence of the result cannot be briefly described. It is indispensable to all students of James and a notable addition to a series of bibliographies to which literary scholarship is already much in debt.

J. I. M. S.

Three Steps Forward. By VERA DEAN. *Faber.* 15*s.*

We all fight shy of reading books about physical and mental disabilities. It is a human reaction, but one which fills the handicapped with great despair. The author of *Three Steps Forward*, Miss Vera Dean, is a cerebral palsy who, in spite of the most dreadful handicaps, has written a lucid, moving, but never for one moment self-pitying, account of her life. Its plain, unvarnished style gives the book an authenticity that many such autobiographical volumes lack.

Until she was fifteen—she is now twenty-seven—Miss Dean could neither speak nor write; indeed, she was unable to do the least thing to help herself. She spent her life going from hospital to hospital, ever more dispirited, since unable to communicate in any way, she was classed as a mentally defective. Yet imprisoned within a heedless body was a mind, perceptive and intelligent, terribly aware of her predicament, and desiring above all a key to the outside world. Then, fortunately, Mrs Irene Collis arrived on the scene. By her sympathetic understanding, and by making full use of occupational therapy, Mrs Collis has brought hope to many so afflicted. She has encouraged the cerebrally palsied to a measure of self-dependence and, more important still, forced authorities to accept this possibility, thus opening the way for these particular handicapped to enjoy at least a semblance of normal life. The book does show that hospitals are not really the most suitable places for such training; spastics require special centres.

I cannot believe that anyone can read this book without being greatly moved and, at the same time, strangely excited. For Miss Dean's experiences again prove the strength of the human spirit in the teeth of the most ghastly obstacles. Her triumph is the greatest of all—the triumph of hope over despair.

M. C.

William Hamilton of Bangour. By NELSON S. BUSHNELL. *Aberdeen University Press.* 15*s.*

Readers who, perhaps out of a confused recollection of Drummond of Hawthornden or Browne of Tavistock, hope to discover in William Hamilton of Bangour an unjustly neglected minor writer will be disappointed. *The Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse* reprints only one of his poems, and further research discovers nothing worthy to be put beside it. That poem, *The Braes of Yarrow*, a pastiche ballad, is rightly regarded as one of the morning stars of the Gothic revival. Its author, an early eighteenth-century wit and man of fashion, was typical of Edinburgh society between the two Jacobite risings. He was a friend of both the Allan Ramsays, of David Hume and of Adam Smith. He flirted, drank, wrote *vers de société* and agreeable letters, some of which are here quoted. Political events cast a shadow over his life and gave a tragic bent to a career which in calmer times would not have been remarkable. He went abroad, met the Young Pretender, and took up the ill-starred Jacobite cause. After taking part in the '45 he underwent a brief exile, returned home to restore his fortunes, but broken in health he went abroad once more and died in France.

Mr Bushnell tells his story with restraint and wisely does not attempt to romanticise a subject about which there is too little direct detailed evidence. Hamilton remains to the end a shadowy figure.

J. R.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,456. Set by Towanbucket

It is said that the Valentine custom is dying. In order to give it a shot in the arm, competitors are invited to compose Valentine verses (not more than eight lines) from Sir Thomas Beecham to Mr Elvis Presley; M. Picasso to Sir Alfred Munnings; Dr Summerskill to Mr Randolph Turpin; Mr Dulles to Mr Krushchev; Mr Malcolm Muggeridge to Sir Ian Jacob; Mrs Margaret Knight to the Archbishop of Canterbury; or Mr Thorneycroft to Lord Hailsham. Entries by 4 February.

Result of No. 1,453 Set by Maurice Cassel

It is a hundred years since the present British Museum Reading Room was opened. The usual prizes are offered for an extract from the musings of the tutelary spirit.

Report

The office is listed not in the *Helicon Year Book* (p. 23 – minor Chair holders) but in the *Civil Service Register* [Museums §5x Tut: Spir: (unpaid)]. So it would seem. Allegiance is to Memos (rather than *Mnemos*). These being mainly general observations, there were few reports on unusual incidents, and references to individuals were limited practically to Shaw and Marx (frequent). But let the spirit paint the picture her (him) self:

. . . erudite odours
Of the jaded faded don
And the crumbled-collared scholars
Who have peered and parsed and gone. (D. Skirrow)

The turning of a few dead leaves—
Dead thoughts—by leather-bounded sleeves.
(P. W. R. Foot)

The more the scholar knows about these things,
The less he seems to know about himself.
(H. J. Ford)

. . . A hundred miles of shelves have amply filled
With thinner mixtures in new forms distilled—
. . . Shall I be proud that furnished forth the straw
To make the bricks both thrown and dropped by Shaw?
(Allan M. Laing)

What a relief if I could but relax
My care, and let the dome, as once in Bodley
(So Innes said in *Operation Pax*),
Re-echo to the shouts of the ungodly. (B. B. Causer)

Illuminating information was also supplied by Russell Edwards, DATQ, G. J. Blundell, and Bayard Simmons. Honorary laurels to R. A. McKenzie; prizes (equal shares) to Leslie Johnson, H. A. C. Evans, Rhoda Tuck Pook, J. A Lindon, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer.

Who are these folk,
Each at his spoke,
Turning the giant wheel of man's ambition?
Are they but flies,
These would-be wise,
Caught in the sticky web of erudition?
In central spot
There crouches—what?
A spider fattening his prey on books?
I fancy him
As warder grim,
Guarding his prison gang with swivelled looks.
LESLIE JOHNSON

Well, still they come and still the numbers grow
Of young and old, and all on fire to know!
Here, in Panizzi's Room they sit and swink
And scribble furiously, or merely think,
Delve deeply into tomes of monstrous size
And peer through spectacles with groping eyes,
Or at some inoffensive neighbour gaze
Suspicious, through a dim, scholastic haze.
Does each, I wonder, cherish in his mind
Some foolish hope of altering mankind
When on these fervent labours he embarks?
Of course, there was that German Jew named Marx . .
H. A. C. EVANS

My mighty mushroom! Full a century
A temple for the earnest devotee
Who, entering, says like Thackeray, a grace;
A refuge, storehouse, arsenal; a place
Of minor prophets, bearded, fiery-eyed,
Who, once they leave, are never seen outside.
Sign of the times, the monstrous regiment
Of women, fitly mute and reverent.
Gone are thy grim high priests of yesteryear—
Churchwardens, these, or sidesmen, still austere
But human. One thing changes not—'tis well:
The benediction of thy holy smell.
RHODA TUCK POOK

P lease to use my library
E ver with sobriety;
R ead here nothing rubbishy;
F raternise not openly;
E ager little prodigy,
C limb to your supremacy;
T eacher learn synecdoche;
Q uick-in-temper questionee,
U tter never blasphemy;
I mprovise no melody;
E mulate no bumblebee;
T hen we are in sympathy.
J. A. LINDON

Full many in these hundred years I've seen
Turn wiseacre from poet, grey from green,
Here, the Reactionary, the Anarchist,
The True Believer and the Atheist
Find for their views support beneath my dome
And pile upon old tomes a weightier tome.
Here Shaw conceived his plays, Maxim his gun,
Lenin his plan to make a world at one—
But still our mainstay is the old Professor
Whose wisdom grows more as his hair grows lesser,
Writing, behind his tomes, with literate look,
A book about a book about a book.
ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Company Meetings

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

INCREASE IN DEPOSITS

The annual general meeting of Westminster Bank, Ltd., will be held on 12 February in London.

The following are extracts from the statement by the chairman, The Right Hon. Lord Aldenham, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1957:—

The Accounts for the year show a decrease of £12,569 in our profits. There have been a number of factors affecting our income and outgoings, among them two Bank rate changes, but our trading result has been mainly influenced by the increase in our Staff costs.

A SATISFACTORY RESULT

Our Current, Deposit and Other Accounts have risen by over £30,000,000. This is a satisfactory result, particularly as stringent monetary measures have been in force throughout the year and as institutions other than the large Commercial Banks have continued to advertise for Deposits at very high rates. Virtually the whole of this increase is in our customers' Deposit Account balances, upon which we are at present paying interest at the rate of 5 per cent. Such Deposit Accounts have increased very materially in number as well as in amount.

Advances have decreased, reflecting the expected pattern in a year in which the credit squeeze has operated throughout and has been reinforced by the Chancellor's statement in September and by higher borrowing rates. The amount we earned on our Loans and Overdrafts was only moderately higher than the comparable figure for the previous year, as the higher interest rates ruling during the last 3½ months were accompanied by a decrease in Advances.

The deficiency in the market value of our British Government securities was rather greater at the end of 1957 than it was in December 1956, but all our Government securities are dated and the great majority will mature within the next few years; thus the deficiency should be more than recovered.

STAFF PAYMENTS

Our largest single item of expenditure – payments made to or for the benefit of our Staff – has risen again, despite the fact that we have added but a few to our Staff numbers.

You may be interested to learn a little about the Staff Associations in this Bank since the occasional press references which appear on this subject are often misleading and often directed towards the discrediting of a system such as that obtaining in Westminster Bank. The Guild was established in 1919 and enjoys a 70 per cent membership of the total of our active clerical Staff. Its elected representatives, who come along to Head Office on a variety of problems, speak with a great weight of opinion behind them. The Non-Clerical Staff Association, which was also founded in 1919 and has a membership of 71 per cent, has the same facilities for coming to Head Office in order to discuss its problems.

DRAIN ON RESERVES

In any review of progress or retrogression it is natural to consider whether the free nations of the world are any nearer to a lasting peace with the countries behind the Iron Curtain, and it would seem that during 1957 some progress has been made. At the beginning of the year the Suez difficulty had done much damage to the NATO alliance. That damage was to a great extent repaired during the year.

The blocking of the Suez Canal was believed a year ago to be a much more serious threat to the economic position of this country than in fact it proved to be. In the first six months of 1957 almost as much was added to our gold and dollar reserves as had been added in the first six months of 1956; though it must not be forgotten that the first impact of the Suez incident caused a heavy drain on our reserves. But in July last the position changed very rapidly and July, August, September saw a drop of £189 million in those reserves.

The fundamental cause of the drain on our reserves was the widely held belief that those reserves are quite inadequate to support the value of the pound sterling if there is any prolonged distrust in it abroad; and until those reserves are built up, there is always the possibility of the disaster of another devaluation. Other causes of the fear of devaluation of sterling were the re-appearance of the dollar gap, the great and growing improvement in the West German balance of payments, the devaluation of the French franc, and the constant deterioration in the purchasing power of the pound at home.

CHANCELLOR'S DRASTIC ACTION

On 19 September, drastic action was taken by the Bank of England and by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. These unpleasant and expensive remedies need never have been so severe if remedial action had been taken earlier. From the very beginning of the credit squeeze in July 1955 the banks have made it abundantly clear to the Government that in their view the credit squeeze by the banks without complementary action on the Government side would not be sufficient to halt inflation.

The limit set for investment by the public sector is £1,500 million per annum for each of the next two years. It is surprising to hear that the expenditure of this vast sum has in some quarters been called an investment freeze: rather is it puzzling to know how the money is to be found without further inflation. Private industry, in spite of all the ploughing back of earnings, also needs fresh capital from the public, witness the £40 million and £41 million which Imperial Chemical Industries and British Petroleum have recently raised. If the future claims of private industry and of the Commonwealth are to be met, it seems that the Chancellor will have to set his sights for public sector capital expenditure rather lower than £1,500 million per annum if he is determined to have no recourse to inflation.

Last September the Government asked the banks to keep the coming year's average level of advances down to the average of the preceding twelve months and the banks have agreed to try, though it will be unprofitable to us and difficult to achieve. If we do achieve it, I see no reason why we should not subsequently get back to more free competition amongst ourselves.

IMPORTANCE OF A STABLE POUND

A most important declaration was made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in October that 'a stable pound is the prerequisite of full employment'; and it would seem that there is a growing acceptance in the country of the view that it is more important to us all to have a stable pound than to have conditions of artificial boom created by inflation. Certainly it is more honest to our creditors abroad.

We are, and have been, spending a larger proportion of our national income on consumer goods, and a smaller proportion on research and improvements to our factories, than have our principal competitors in the export markets. A further danger to our competitive position lies in the fact that our costs per unit of output have increased in the past few years more rapidly than those of West Germany and the United States.

These two considerations may help to explain why our percentage share of total world trade has each year for the past seven years been declining. This fact has been masked by the growth in total world trade, but it will become of increasing importance if in 1958 there is some contraction in the total volume. We cannot ignore the possibility of some contraction under the influence of the recession in North America, and the diminution of income of primary producing countries.

CANADIAN TRADE MISSION

All the more welcome, therefore, was the recent visit of the Canadian Trade Mission, entrusted with the task of switching more of their purchases to this country, in order to enable us to earn more Canadian dollars with which to buy their metals or their surplus wheat. I could wish that we might see a similar mission coming to us from the United States. Conversely, I would like to see a UK mission visiting Australia and New Zealand with the object of finding what more we can buy from them in order to maintain their ability to buy from us.

The six 'Messina' countries have formally established a Common Market as from the beginning of 1958. Little definite progress has been recorded towards the establishment of a Free Trade Area. There are, of course, countless difficulties in reaching agreement, but it would seem that for all countries concerned the advantages of so large a Free Trade Area must outweigh the disadvantages.

At the beginning of 1958 three main anxieties remain with us, the maintenance of world peace, the stability of the purchasing power of the pound sterling, and the continuance of our ability to compete in price and quality in the export markets of the world.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

MR. D. J. ROBARTS ON THE PROBLEM OF PRIORITIES

The 125th annual general meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on 13 February in London.

In the course of his circulated statement, Mr. D. J. Robarts (the Chairman), said:—This is the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Report and Accounts of the Bank. To mark this occasion a brief account of the history of the Bank has been included, tracing the major developments throughout the long period during which the National Provincial Bank has maintained its high tradition of public service.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

Commenting on the Balance Sheet and Accounts of the Bank, the Chairman said: The liabilities of the Bank to its Current, Deposit and other Account holders at £830,705,869 exceed last year's figures by £16,181,900. The total of our liquid assets—Cash, Money lent at Call and Short Notice, and Bills—represents 39.6 per cent. of our deposit liabilities. This compares with 37.3 per cent. twelve months ago.

Investments in securities of or guaranteed by, the British Government continue to be shown at a figure which is below their market value. The Balance Sheet value of £215,237,902 gives a ratio of 25.9 per cent. to Deposits as against 26.5 per cent. last year. We hold no undated government securities and the majority of our holdings mature within ten years.

Our Advances stand at £240,093,573 which represents 28.9 per cent. of our Deposits. The corresponding figures at 31 December, 1956, were £256,730,398 and 31.5 per cent.

The accounts show a net profit for the year of £2,061,966 compared with £2,030,483 for 1956. Together with the amount brought in of £654,875 there is a balance for disposal of £2,716,841. It is proposed to pay a final dividend of 9 per cent. and to appropriate £1,000,000 to Reserve Funds, leaving £628,729 to be carried forward. The proposed final dividend of 9 per cent. makes, with the interim dividend of 9 per cent., a total dividend of 18 per cent. in respect of the year 1957.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

The past year will be remembered as one of exceptionally violent changes in the financial and economic spheres. The early months of the year were overshadowed by the aftermath of the nationalization of the Suez Canal and the strains upon our economy thereby created.

After commenting on the changes in the economic situation and the measures taken to meet the position, Mr. Robarts said: While foreign markets are not likely to regain full confidence in sterling until there is evidence that the constant increase of wages and costs can be controlled, the recent weakness of sterling was partly the result of capital withdrawals from the sterling balances, especially by India and Pakistan, and to that extent the drawing on credits abroad to meet the strain is not unjustified.

Our domestic problems are complicated by the unsettled state of the international climate, both political and economic. Since the middle of last June there has been a series of shocks to international confidence and there is no sign as yet of any relaxation of the cold war. As a result, the defence of the free world still entails a burden of expenditure which weighs heavily on the economies of all the democratic countries and may indeed need to be increased with the constant development of new and costlier types of armament. Defence must clearly have the first claim on our resources. It is, however, the task of Governments to find the finance for this purpose, without inflating their currencies, and, if necessary, to scale down the Budgetary charges devoted to other objects. The maintenance of even the present standard of living depends, first, on the maintenance of peace and, secondly, on the maintenance of a stable currency. After that, the next priority should be the capital required to modernize and expand industrial equipment. The volume of consumption and the improvement of our standards of life need to be adjusted to this scale of priorities.

Internal stability and external security of the pound have been elusive targets for so long that one hesitates to claim any lasting success for the Government's latest measures. This much, however, can be said: there appears to be a greater awareness of the economic problems we face and a greater willingness to recognize unpleasant facts. If this is so, the chances are naturally brighter that the year 1958 will mark a turning point in our affairs.

Company Meetings

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

STERLING AND WORLD ECONOMY

The annual general meeting of Lloyds Bank, Ltd, will be held on 14 February in London.

The following is an extract from the Statement by the Chairman, The Right Hon. Sir Oliver Franks, GCMG, KCB, CBE, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1957:—

The profit at £2,502,391 is slightly lower, by £39,402, than last year and we propose to repeat the 1956 dividend of 13 per cent. per annum. Although high rates as well as a high degree of activity in all sections of our business have again benefited our earnings, our operating costs continue to rise inexorably. Our loans and advances are lower by some £9 millions than they were a year ago. The reduction would have been greater but for two categories of advances excluded from the operation of the general restrictions: our advances in the East and medium-term credits to facilitate exports.

Proceeding to discuss the external problems of sterling, he said inter alia: We cannot argue that our payments difficulties arose purely out of our position as a world banker and had no connection with the state of the United Kingdom economy, for the fear that inflation might continue played a large part in disturbing international confidence in sterling. If the outside world had been satisfied that our internal policies were sound, there would have been no crisis.

Unfortunately, to avoid further inflation will not automatically ensure success in the vital task of rebuilding the reserves. Sterling being an international currency, the course of events is bound to depend not only upon our own policies, but also, in some considerable degree, upon those followed by other countries, above all the United States and our fellow-members in the sterling area.

For years past, the chief problems of the world have been those of inflation. There are now some indications, such as the decline in basic commodities, of a change in the weather. For the time being, the post-war boom in the world as a whole has lost much of its impetus. That being so, our preoccupations during the next phase may become those of deflation rather than inflation, in which case the policies followed by creditor countries will be of decisive importance.

NEED FOR ADEQUATE RESERVES

A condition for a smooth functioning of the Bretton Woods system is an adequate level of monetary reserves. At present the problem centres upon the distribution of existing exchange reserves rather than their absolute magnitude. Nearly half the total is now held by the United States and Germany, though the United States has large short-term liabilities to the outside world. By contrast, sterling finances perhaps 40 per cent. of world trade, yet the United Kingdom reserves are about half those of Germany and less than 4 per cent. of the world total. That is the most important single fact in the world currency situation. Measures to ensure the stability of the sterling area and measures to ensure the smooth working of the Bretton Woods system must alike be directed to the removal of that anomaly.

Once we have brought about a substantial increase in the reserves by our own efforts, the question may arise of their being further fortified by some kind of stabilisation operation.

The problems of the sterling area and of the world economy as a whole are essentially those of reconciling the aims of individual nations and their governments with the general requirements of an international order. They are therefore merely one aspect of the far wider problem which the free nations have to solve: that of adapting their political ideas and political institutions to the facts of their growing interdependence, in economic as in military affairs. The order and stability of human society in our lifetime are likely to depend on the skill, resolution and speed with which we reconcile the national texture of political government with the international scale of the pattern of interdependence.

City Lights

The Leak that Wasn't

Well, thank goodness that's over. Our characters are blameless and our behaviour irreproachable. The sun shone on the City from a blue sky on Wednesday morning and War Loan went up—though not much, because it isn't that kind of a market. The general feeling, in fact, was one of relief rather than of triumph. For one thing, the testimonial was almost embarrassingly flattering. For another, the damage to the City's reputation to which the Governor referred was caused by the proceedings of the tribunal as much as by the rumours which preceded it, and the verdict is scarcely likely to affect opinions already formed. Everyone, above all—even the *Daily Mirror* is quite clear on the point—knows very well that the Tribunal threw up issues much more interesting than the possibility of a leak which have still to be thrashed out. Mr Wilson has been extraordinarily lucky. Instead of the messy scandal he expected, he has fished himself out a nice juicy issue of principle on which he will have a good deal of muddled and indignant public support. There is certainly going to be a good deal of discussion about directors of the Bank of England and, one hopes, about the Bank itself. It would be interesting to know, before the discussion starts, why the Labour Party made so few changes when it nationalised the Bank—why, in particular, the Attlee government decided that the nationalised Bank should have not more than four full-time directors.

* * *

Stock markets are still quiet and uninteresting. London is waiting on Wall Street, and Wall Street is unsure of itself. Discount rates in the US look like coming down again, the Federal Reserve has definitely been told to put its monetary policy into reverse, but business shows no sign of improvement, unemployment is still rising, and the optimistic breeziness which marked the President's annual economic message to Congress is becoming rather a bore. There are still plenty of people in a kill-inflation-for-good mood, ready to growl alarmingly at the least hint of deficit budgeting—as there are, indeed, over here—and if the US recession finishes as quickly as the President's advisers think it will, it seems that the achievement will be due more to good luck than to good judgment.

London markets, then, have to amuse themselves as best they can, mainly with new issues and company news. The Colvilles convertible debenture issue has flopped, dropping to a discount as soon as dealings opened. Technically, the issue was over-subscribed, but only because it was important to ensure that the experiment did not fail too obviously and make the going impossible for other steel companies in need of cash. The idea of a debenture convertible into Ordinary after the election is attractive enough in principle. In practice the terms have to be attractive as well, and it was a mistake to choose a Scottish company as pacemaker.

The recent flurry of speculative interest in stores shares has been justified to some extent by the results announced this week by Woolworths and Montagu Burton. Both are reasonably good. Woolworths' profits (ignoring an increase in depreciation) are up by 5 per cent, a better improvement than was achieved in the preceding year. The steady growth of the company's profits—which made its shares so attractive an investment for the surtax-payer a few years ago—has

MIDLAND BANK

The Monetary System:

Viscount Monckton on need for wider understanding

The following are extracts from the Statement issued to Shareholders by the Chairman, The Right Hon. The VISCOUNT MONCKTON OF BRENCHLEY, P.C., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., M.C., Q.C.:

On the record of economic affairs, the year 1957 turned out to be more disturbed than at the outset it seemed likely to be. The February reduction of Bank rate was followed by a fairly reassuring Economic Survey and what might be called a comfortable budget. Quite suddenly, however, a wave of uneasiness, particularly abroad, about the future value of the pound sterling led to a repetition of acute balance of payments difficulties notwithstanding a considerable surplus on current account transactions and an encouraging trend in exports. Drastic measures were taken in September which entailed awkward readjustments of business plans and arrangements, and the year ended in an atmosphere of quiet hesitancy.

When the Bank rate was reduced last February, both the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Governor of the Bank of England were at pains to emphasize that the movement did not imply any modification of the restrictive credit policy then in force. Even so, the reduction was widely read as a signal of relaxation, and the banks were faced by an inflow of hitherto pigeon-holed applications for credit. This misreading of official action at that time may have necessitated more drastic action later on than might otherwise have been necessary.

Another example of the need of wider understanding is provided by the September measures themselves. A tendency appeared in public discussions to over-stress the part played, in precipitating the "crisis", by foreign speculation in sterling, and it was not sufficiently recognized that overseas opinion sprang largely from a perhaps unduly sceptical assessment of the authorities' will and power to correct conditions threatening further depreciation of the purchasing power of the currency.

Two welcome developments in the direction of fuller understanding of the monetary system and the way it operates have taken place within the past year with the appointment of the Radcliffe Committee and the setting up of the Council on Prices, Productivity and Incomes.

Deposits have again shown only a trifling growth, but their composition has changed, a considerable shift having taken place, particularly since September, from current account balances to deposit accounts.

A new contribution to published statistics, a "business turnover" index, is included in a table showing broad indices of business activity.

For roughly a decade the amount of current account balances has remained on a level, with only small divergences either way; yet business turnover has increased more or less markedly year by year. The same amount of "bank money" has been doing more and more work. It would be difficult, in the light of these figures, to attribute the post-war inflation, as expressed in rising prices, to the availability of bank money, whether in the form of pure credit moneys or of balances newly created by the use of bank advances.

The One hundred and twenty-second Annual General Meeting of the Bank will be held on February 14 at the Head Office, Poultry, London, E.C.

seemed to be slowing down during the last two or three years and investors have been tending to switch into Marks & Spencer: this upsurge may make them wonder.

In clothing, Montagu Burton has done better still, with a 9½ per cent increase in profits and a higher dividend. Burton, however, as the high price of the shares suggests, is something of a special situation. Effective control of the company lies in the hands of the family, but bid rumours have been in the air for some time. This is almost certainly the explanation for the fact that the non-voting shares created by a scrip issue last year are 3s cheaper than the voting Ordinary – the value of a vote in Burtons is fairly high at the moment.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 428. No Lunch for Grandmasters

Having come to Hastings straight from the gruelling tournament at Dallas (where he shared 1st and 2nd with Reshevsky), and with quite a string of other hard-earned honours earlier that year, Gligoric may well have been tempted to accept the draw offered by Keres in their last round game. But he was determined to make a fight of it, so those two grandmasters slogged it out without the usual adjournment break and with merely a sandwich to sustain them in lieu of lunch; and when their day was done there were barely ten minutes left to clear the stage for the prize giving. After a quiet opening (the Lasker-Defence in the Q. Gamb. Decl.) the game was soon steered into an ending, and this was the position achieved by Gligoric (White) after his 28th move. /6k1/p4pp1/3Kt3p/kt1p5/4bP2/4P2P/P3B1P1/6K1/.

(28) . . . B-Q4; (29) P-R3, K-B1; (30) K-B2, Kt-Kt2; (31) Kt-Kt5, P-QR4; (32) Kt-B3, B-B3; (33) B-B3, BxB; (34) KxB, K-K2; (35) K-K4, K-K3; (36) K-Q3, Kt-Q3; (37) P-K4, P-B3; (38) P-Kt3, P-Kt4; (39) P-QR4, P-R4; (40) P-R4, PxRP; (41) PxP, K-Q2; (42) Kt-Q5, K-K3; (43) Kt-K3, P-B4; (44) P-K5, Kt-K5; (45) K-B4, Kt-B7; (46) Kt-Kt2, Kt-Q8; (47) Kt-K1, Kt-K6 ch; (48) KxP, Kt-Q4; (49) Kt-Q3, Kt-B6 ;(50) K-B4!, Kt-K7 ;(51) K-Kt5, K-Q4; (52) KxP, K-B3; (53) K-Kt4, Kt-Q5; (54) K-B4, Kt-B6; (55) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-Kt2; (56) P-K6, K-B2; (57) Kt-Q5 ch, resigns.

Radiocic, the winner of the Premier Reserves, should be an interesting newcomer in next year's Premier. Here's one of his adjourned positions. /8/6k1/pr1p1p2/2pP1P1K/R7/P7/2P5/8/. His opponent having sealed (41) . . . K-B2, this was how Radiocic forced the game: (42) P-B3!, R-Kt6; (43) RxP, RxBP; (44) R-R7 ch, K-K1; (45) K-Kt6, R-Q6; (46) KxP, RxP; (47) K-K6, R-K4 ch; (48) KxP, RxP; (49) K-K6, resigns.

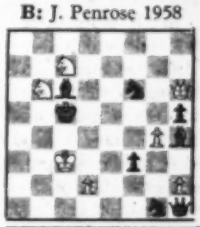
The other Yugoslav, Karanjac, still well within his 'teens, played some remarkably good games, such as the one which the loser (Diemer) insisted on comparing with Anderssen's " Immortal."

(1) P-Q4, P-K3; (2) P-K4, P-Q4; (3) B-K3!?, PxP; (4) Kt-Q2, Kt-KB3; (5) P-KB3, Kt-Q4; (6) Q-K2, P-QB4; (7) PxBP, Q-R4; (8) O-O-O, QxRP; (9) PxP, KtxB; (10) QxKt, Q-R8 ch; (11) Kt-Kt1, Q-R4; (12) Q-Kt5, B-Q2; (13) Kt-KB3, Kt-B3; (14) Q-B4, R-Q1; (15) Kt-Kt5, P-B3; (16) B-K2, BxP; (17) B-R5 ch, K-K2; (18) Kt-B7, Kt-Kt5; (19) R-Q2, Kt-R7 ch; (20) K-Q1, B-Kt5; (21) P-K5, B-K1!; (22) RxR, BxKt!; (23) PxP ch, PxP; (24) RxR, BxB ch; (25) P-Kt4, Q-Q4 ch; (26) K-K2, Q-Kt7 ch; (27) K-K3, B-B4 ch; (28) K-Q3, B-Kt3 ch; (29) K-B4, Q-Q4 ch; (30) resigns.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black forced resignation in a couple of moves. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder points) are both wins for White, the former being a brand-new piece by a most welcome newcomer to composition. (He showed it to me at Hastings.) Usual prizes. Entries by 3 February.

A: B. Larsen 1957

B: J. Penrose 1958



C: R. Huguet 1956

REPORT on No. 424. Set 28 December.

A: (1) Kt-R6 ch, K-R1; (2) KtxP ch, K-Kt1; (3) Kt-R6 ch, K-R1; (4) R-QKt7!, P-K7; (5) R-Kt8 ch, RxR; (6) Kt-B7 mate.
B: (1) R-Kt7 ch, KxB; (2) R-R7 ch, K-Kt1; (3) P-Kt7 etc.
C: (1) B-B4, BxB; (2) KtxP ch, K-Kt3; (3) KtxB ch, K-Kt4; (4) Kt-Q5!, B-R5 ch; (5) K-B5!, KxKt; (6) K-Kt4 etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes shared by G. Abrahams, E. Allan, J. C. Fish, B. Hayden, N. G. Wilson.

REPORT on No. 425. Set 4 January.

A: (1) Kt-K6 ch, P x Kt; (2) Q-Kt6 ch etc.
B: (1) Kt-K5, K-Kt2; (2) B-Q8, K-B1!; (3) K-B2, K-K1; (4) B-R5, K-K2; (5) K-K3, K-Q3; (6) K-Q4, Kt-B2; (7) B-Kt4 mate.
C: (1) Kt-K2 ch, K-R7!; (2) B-R2! (K-B2?), K-R6!; (3) K-B2, Kt-R7; (4) Kt-Kt1 ch, K-R5 (otherwise the Kt is lost); (5) K-Kt2, Kt-Kt5; (6) Kt-B3 ch, K-R4; (7) B-B7 mate.

Some stumped by **B**, more by **C**, yet a score of correct solutions. Prizes: K. Beaumont, M. P. Furmston, B. Katz (of Haifa), F. R. Oliver, C. Sansom. In the 33 ladder-decade (concluded a fortnight ago) J. M. Reid, one of the 23 decade winners in Nov. 55, is first with 823 points. E. A. Barclay-Smith totted up 815 since the 28th in Dec. 56. I. Avinery (of Tel Aviv) got 737 points, 4th is M. Rumney who scored 609 since starting from scratch after the 23rd decade.

ASSIAC

Company Meeting

DISTRICT BANK LIMITED

STATEMENT BY THE CHAIRMAN
SIR THOMAS D. BARLOW, G.B.E.

The Chairman, Sir Thomas D. Barlow, G.B.E., has circulated, with the report and accounts, his statement to the shareholders of District Bank Ltd., prior to the 128th annual general meeting to be held on Friday, 14 February, at the Head Office, Spring Gardens, Manchester. In the course of his statement the Chairman said:—

During the year a proposal to merge the Bank's three issues of shares, 'A,' 'B,' and 'C,' into a single class of £1 shares was put into effect with the approval of the Shareholders, after confirmation of the High Court had been received in respect of the reduction of capital involved in the reorganisation.

The free scrip issue made to Shareholders as part of the scheme brought about a capitalisation of reserves and as a result the paid-up capital has been increased from £2,976,428 to £3,988,530 in the form of £1 shares all of one class and all fully paid.

On reference to the Balance Sheet it will be seen that Current, Deposit and other accounts, which have been running at a higher level throughout most of the year, now total £253,000,000 and exceed last year's figure by £11 millions.

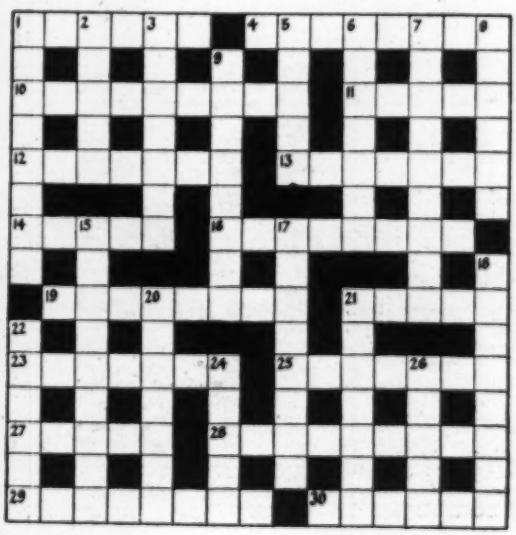
Although Bank Rate is at present standing at the high figure of 7 per cent., the average Bank Rate during 1957 was little above that of 1956. Any additional income from this direction and from the larger turnover of cheques has been almost entirely offset by the greatly increased amount of interest paid to our depositors and by the continued upward pressure of operating costs, due mainly to increased salaries and pensions.

In the circumstances an increase of £9,900 in Net Profit as compared with the figure for the previous year may, I think, be regarded as satisfactory. After making the usual provisions this profit amounts to £672,960 and, including the sum brought forward, there is for disposal £1,147,480. Of this we propose to transfer £500,000 to our General Reserve (now designated Reserve Fund) thus restoring our reserves to £4,000,000. We are, as forecast, recommending a final dividend this year of 7½ per cent., bringing the total to 15 per cent., which represents an increase over the amount received last year by each of the former classes of Shareholder. After allowing for these dispositions there remains £303,470 to be carried forward to the 1958 Account.

The progress made by the Bank during the past year has not been achieved without keenness and efficiency on the part of the management and staff in dealing with the wide variety of problems which has arisen nor without a sympathetic understanding of the requirements of our customers. I should, therefore, like to express thanks to all concerned for their loyal service.

Week-end Crossword 287

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 287, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 4 Feb.



ACROSS

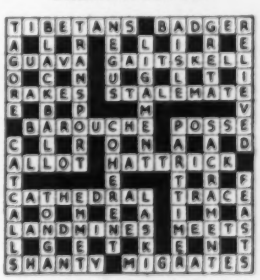
1. Hammer's associate, and thus a return game (6).
4. Cars for schoolboys (8).
10. Threatening the devil with a conclusion (9).
11. Prize for a protégé (5).
12. Hypocritical talk before an expression of gratitude for a piece of music (7).
13. Means of carrying the young (7).
14. Places for spectacles, by the sound of it (5).
16. The traitor is caught before there is a disturbance (8).
19. A fellow put in reverse quotes relating to meaning (8).
21. Animal born with one child (5).
23. Girl who is nervous? (7).
25. Try out the conservative party, an ancient military contraption (7).
27. Just the girl for the heath (5).
28. Study of what is recently affixed to a letter (9).
29. Up to now the strike precedes other dislocation (8).
30. The good intentions of ladies gone astray (6).

DOWN

1. One container for two actions (8).
2. Bird with a hat on (5).
3. Fruit of a lengthy reply (7).
5. The cinema puts the beer up (5).
6. Insincerely praise those who haven't so many curves? (7).
7. Gooseberries are enough to make a fellow give evidence of being asleep upside down (9).
8. Dreary theory for the practice of cruelty (6).
9. Criminal at large with bad visibility (8).
15. The part is destroyed by one who makes whole (9).
17. Drink with a bird to follow (8).
18. They mean opposite things, but in the beginning not many are muddled (8).
20. To pacify an animal by putting food inside him (7).
21. The fake has to show up prominently among the worthless (7).
22. Again fares are revised to start with (6).
24. Transplant a climbing drinker (5).
26. Theologians converting a mule (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 285



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 285

John May (London, SW15), J. C. Smith (Gerrards Cross), Don Lewis Dyer (Harlow)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

6s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. 6d. extra. Semi-display £4 10s. per single column inch. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Lake & Elliot, Limited, Braintree, Essex, wish to appoint an EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR. The Company employs approximately 1,000 people in Iron and Steel Founding, General and Production Engineering. Many developments are taking place.

Applicants should preferably be between 35 and 45 and possess degree or equivalent qualification in Metallurgy or another branch of Science with Metallurgical experience. Management experience would be an advantage.

A substantial salary will be paid to the successful candidate with suitable qualifications; assistance can be given with housing and there is a long-established superannuation scheme. The present Board of Directors is small and it is essential that the new Director should work happily with them.

Applicants should send brief details of themselves in confidence to the Managing Director, who will be glad to supply further particulars.

SOUTH SHIELDS EDUCATION AUTHORITY

GRAMMAR-TECHNICAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Headmistress: Dr E. Ramsden, B.Sc.

Applications are invited for the undermentioned vacancies to complete the staff of the school:—

1. Required in September, 1958, Chemistry Master or Mistress to take charge of the subject and to teach it to G.C.E. Advanced and University Scholarship Level and to share in the teaching of Science and/or Mathematics to Junior Forms. (Head of Department Allowance of £200 would be paid to a suitable candidate.)

2. Required in May, 1958 or September, 1958, Master or Mistress to share in the teaching of Mathematics throughout the School including G.C.E. Advanced and University Scholarship work. (Graded Post Allowance £125.)

3. Required in May, 1958 or September, 1958, Master or Mistress to teach Mathematics to Ordinary Level. (Graduate preferred, but candidates with Training College Advanced Mathematics or a Third Year Training College Course would be considered.)

4. Required in May, 1958 or September, 1958, Mistress to share in the teaching of Geography to G.C.E. Ordinary Level. Please state subsidiary subjects. Ability to help with one or more of the following subjects – Scripture, Mathematics, Needlework, Art, Crafts – would be a recommendation.

Application forms, obtainable from the Director of Education, Westoe Village, South Shields, should be returned not later than 8 February, 1958.

A. J. W. JEFFERY,
Director of Education.

TEACHERS FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary and elementary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia for September 1958.

Applicants should be under the age of 45 years and must have completed a formal course of teacher-training or hold a diploma in Education. For secondary school certification applicants must hold a recognised University degree or equivalent. Those interested should write immediately to Mr W. A. McAdam, Agent General, British Columbia House, 1-3 Regent Street, London SW1, England, for particulars and applications. Interviews with a representative who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia will be arranged in February, March and April for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined.

UNIVERSITY of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Clinical Psychology in the Department of Psychiatry of the Faculty of Medicine. Candidates should have an Honours degree in Psychology with additional training or experience in Clinical Psychology. Salary on a scale £700-£850 with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 15 February, 1958, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars & forms of applic. may be obtained.

LADY Area Organiser reqd. by London Charity. Preferably living in West Middlesex and car-driver. Good salary. Box 7726.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER

required by independent weekly. This appointment calls for energy, enthusiasm and the ability to mix well at all levels. Experience of space-selling to agencies is essential, and some direct connections with national advertisers desirable. Unusual opportunity for first-class man. Write in strict confidence: Box 7769.

A large manufacturing company

has a

MARKET RESEARCH VACANCY

The post, an important one in an expanding section, will give experience of a wide range of problems and considerable opportunity for original thought and initiative. The work which is in a new and interesting field involves the processing of data collected from sample surveys (including planning for I.B.M. tabulating equipment), the design of both surveys and samples, report writing, and liaison with research agencies. The post would particularly suit a young male graduate up to say 30 years of age, who has a degree in Economics or Sociology (statistics to have been a main or subsidiary subject). The holder of this appointment will have every chance to contribute to, and gain experience of, the section's work. Box 7729.

If you can spell and type and take dictation
And read it back with very few mistakes:
If you're a woman of some education,
Of high I.Q. and lots of what it takes:

——then obviously you are the girl to fill one of our very best posts, which will satisfy your aspirations and reward your attainments.

The St Stephen's Secretariat,

3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2
316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.
2 Broad Street Place, EC2.

BBC requires Librarian with responsibility for Central Reference Library and three Branch Libraries in the London area. Essential qualifications: Fellowship of the Library Association or the Diploma of the London University School of Librarianship, experience in administration of a Reference or Special Library. Successful candidate will work as Associate Librarian for a time before retirement of present holder of post. Salary £1,325 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,705 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.476 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

EDITOR of the Official Report (Hansard) required by Eastern Nigerian Govt on contract for 2 tours of 12/24 months in first instance. Commencing salary according to expce in scale (including inducement addition) £1,194 rising to £1,344 a year. Gratuity at rate of £150 a year. Outfit allowance £60. Free passages for officer and wife. Assistance towards children's passages or grant up to £150 annually towards maintenance in UK. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates must have a knowledge of parliamentary procedure with regard to the correct setting out of the Official Report (Hansard) and the Debate of a Legislative House. They must also have a knowledge of printing routine and should preferably have had experience in similar type of work. They must be capable of controlling reporting and editorial staff and be able to approach Members of the House without difficulty in cases of doubtful reporting. Write to the Crown Agents, 4, Millbank, London, SW1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/44062/N J.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Stevenson Lectureship in Citizenship. The University Court will be considering shortly an appointment to the Stevenson Lectureship in Citizenship, tenable in the first instance for a maximum period of five years from 1 October, 1958, or from such later date as may be arranged. The appointment will be full-time. The stipend will be £1,350×£75—£1,800 per annum, with superannuation. All who may be interested should communicate with the undersigned who will supply further partics. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Sec. of University Court.

LONDON County Council requires temporary Assistant Home Help Organiser for 20½ hours a week for duty, in first instance, in Stepney; energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous experience in running domestic help or similar social service desirable. Annual salary £276-£355 commencing according to qualifications and experience. Application form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, 273 Bancroft Rd, E1. Closing date 3 February, 1953.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Health Service. Training posts in hospital administration. The Minister of Health and the Secretary of State for Scotland invite applications for up to sixteen training posts in hospital administration. Successful applicants will hold these posts for a maximum of three years, beginning in the autumn of 1958, and will be given practical experience of all branches of hospital administration, together with courses of instruction at the University of Manchester or at the Hospital Administrative Staff College of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London. A short list of applicants will be called for interview by a Selection Committee. Applicants should be not more than 30 years of age at 1 September 1958, but the Selection Committee has discretion to accept applicants up to 35 years. If already employed in the hospital service they should either (i) be a graduate of a British university; or (ii) be the holder of a professional qualification acceptable to the Selection Committee; or (iii) have had at least three years' experience in the hospital service on 1 September 1958 and to have passed at least the intermediate examination for a professional qualification. If not employed in the hospital service they should either (i) be, in September 1958, a graduate of a British university; or (ii) be, in September 1958, the holder of a professional qualification acceptable to the Selection Committee. Applicants should have discharged their obligation for national service. Applications will be considered from students who are due to take their final examination in 1958. The salary during the training period begins at £556 (plus a small addition in the London area) with an increment of £20 in the second and third years. Applicants already in the hospital service will retain their present salary scale if higher than this. Training fees will be met. Further information and application forms can be obtained from University Appointments Boards or by writing to the Secretary, Department of Health for Scotland, St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh 1, or to the Secretary, Ministry of Health, Savile Row, London, W1. Applications should be completed and returned to the Secretary, Ministry of Health, not later than Friday, 28 February 1958.

BRITISH Film Institute. Administrative Assistant required for Secretary's office. Must have both sound knowledge of financial procedures and ability to contribute to the varied activities of the Institute. Salary £800 or £850 by annual increments to £985. Applications, marked Personal, to Secretary, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2.

THE British Council requires a Warden for its Residence for 38 Colonial women students at Collingham Gardens, SW5. Candidates should have experience in hostel administration, and should be able to organise a social and cultural programme for women from overseas (including non-resident students and wives of Colonial students). Present salary scale £890-1,059, with free board and furnished accommodation. Accommodation also available for adult relative. Pension scheme. Write, quoting F.1(58), to the Director, Personnel Department, The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W1, for further particulars and an application form, to be returned completed by 7 February.

EXPERIENCED mistress (Froebel), chn. 10-11 yrs., Sept. 1958. Music an asset. Burnham scale. Gov. Super. Town & Country School, 38-40, Eton Ave., Hampstead, NW3.

CITY of Leeds Care of Children Department. Child Care Officer (Male). Applications are invited from persons holding Child Care Certificate or similar qualification, and experienced in work associated with child care, for the post of Child Care Officer. Duties include supervision of boys placed with foster parents, obtaining foster homes and good lodgings, Approved School after-care and other supervision as may be required. A thorough understanding of case-work principles is required. Applicants should have a knowledge of duties involved and understanding of the needs of children deprived of a normal home life. Salary Scale—APT I (£575 to £725 per annum). Application forms and full particulars may be obtained from The Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible on completion.

WANTED, Housekeeper/Housemother for four 6-year-old deaf children in new kind experimental home-school unit with own teacher. Must have experience of normal children. Recognised school—own room—school holidays. Box 7660.

HOUSEFATHER wanted for adolescent Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd. Croydon.

PENGUIN Books Ltd., require secretary shorthand-typist for departmental manager at their Harmondsworth office. Some experience of book production desirable but not essential. Five-day week. Send full particulars of experience, qualifications, and salary required to ASBG, Penguin Books Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

TRADE Union General Secretary requires Secretary/Personal Assistant (London Office). First-class shorthand-typing; appointments; minutes of meetings, etc. Salary £530 ×£20 to £612, according to exper. Box 7648.

TRAVEL Agency, West End, needs copy-typist for evening work, 6-9, at 8s. an hour. Please state age and exper. Box 7724.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Inspector of Physical Education (Woman) to take up duties on 1 September, 1958, required to advise upon, organise and inspect physical education in various types of educational establishments: Salary £962 10s.–£1,482 10s., appointment may be made above the minimum. Application forms with full details from Education Officer (EO/Estab.2/H), The County Hall, SE1, must be returned by 7 February. (47.)

WOMEN'S International League for Peace & Freedom, founded 1915, requires general office secretary. Apply by letter with copy testimonials, 29 Great James St., WC1.

EXECUTIVE Assistant required by expanding Travel agency. Excellent opportunity for advancement. Graduate preferred, must be under 30, prepared take responsibility, initiative. Starting salary according qualifications from £500-£750. Written applications, Box A.61, Press & General, 10 Welbeck St, W1.

BILINGUAL French/English Private Secretary required for old-established merchant organisation overseas. English/French shorthand-typing essential. Excellent salary, living allowance, free furnished quarters. Contract of 2 years' service, followed by 3 months' leave, free passage home. Write with full particulars Box 7638.

TRAVEL Agency, West End, needs male clerical staff evenings. Hours 6 to 8 or 9. Rate 10s. an hour. Must be able to do at least 3 evenings per week. Must have office experience and decent handwriting and be conscientious. Box 7723.

TRAVEL Agency, West End, requires shorthand-typist, age 20-30. Hours 9.30-5.30 and alternate Saturday mornings. 3 weeks' holiday. Starting salary £10 per week. Also copy typist, similar hours, £9 to £9 10s per week. Box 7722.

SECRETARY/Shorthand Typist required as Personal Secretary to Trade Union Officer. Interesting work, requires good speeds and initiative. 5-day week. Hours 9 to 5. Normal 4 weeks' annual leave. Scale of pay £10-£11 per week. Apply by telephone CHA. 2991 for appointment.

INTERESTING job & friendly home (s/c) for Secretary? Architect offers both in Hampstead. An extra child welc. Box 7651.

INTELLIGENT young man, 18-20, reqd. by West End travel agency to assist with post, filing, messages. Wage £8 10s. p.w. Box 7759.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

AT Conduit St. Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Daily 9-7. Sats 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

COLONIAL affairs. Competent shorthand/typist for important and interesting work. Monday-Friday, four weeks holiday. £7 10s. p.w., £8 after six months. Part-time considered. Write Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., SW1.

SHORTHAND-Typist (2) required by Trade Union Office; 5-day week, 3 weeks' annual holiday, superannuation, salary £10 5s. 3d. at age 24. Good standard of education required. Full details of experience to the General Secretary, A.S.S.E.T. 'Sutton House', 2-4 Homerton High St., London, E9.

TYPIST (junior preferred) reqd. mainly for copy work (world affairs) and general office duties. 5-day week. National Peace Council, 29 Great James St, London, WC1.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone GERrard 2848.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WRITER with industrial and admin. exp. reqs. pt.-time or temp. emplmn. Research/rewrite, handyman/anythg. Box 7717.

SEC.-sh./typist, really efficient, wants part-time work end of Feb. Box 7747.

GERMAN girl requires domestic job London, preferably Hampstead. U. Glockmana, Hannover, Uhland Str. 5.

UNIV. educ. ex-Higher Civil Service & BBC author, 3 tech. bks. Exp. vetting, editing & subbing MS & feature writing, urgently needs a job, anything, anywhere. Sal. immaterial. Impeccable ref. Box 7785.

LADY, youthful middle-aged, sks. part-time job. Smart appearance, first-class English, broadcast-tested voice, useful general experience, not typist. Box 7705.

FEM. BA, age 34, single, exp. tchg., personnel/admin work, intd in mus., arts, writing, politics, etc., able to work like horse, seeks right harness. Box 7746.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

FOOD AND DRINK

WIN plenty of praise for your meals by adding that wonderful Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney – from all good grocers.

HUSBANDS decorating dining rooms deserve delicious Burgess' Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

PERSONAL

YOUNG couple, English/French speaking, seek job in sun. Exp. mechanic, barman/1st class cook, sec., receptionist. Yacht, villa, hotel – any suggestions welcomed. Box 7698.

TWO-woman (Anglo-American) expedition in Far East, with tape recorders, ciné & still cameras arriving Ceylon March, will undertake bus. & other commissions. Box 7650.

YOUNG lady, 17, well educated, would like to visit England on exchange basis, 6 weeks June/July. Write: Norper, Berlin-Britz, Bruno Taut Ring 3B (West Zone).

STUDIO to let weekly, daily or hourly. Steinway Grand, heating. MOU. 3042.

SKI Specialist Travel Agency for sale. Rapidly expanding business. Unusual opportunity. Box 7644.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

PUBLIC Social Services (175pp) and Voluntary Social Services (173pp) – the first 'an excellent guide to the mysteries of the Welfare State', the second 'a standard work of reference' (TLS) containing a directory of organisations. Each 10s. 6d. from booksellers or 11s. 3d. by post from National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Sq, WC1.

VIEWPOINT – A Television Quarterly. Britain's only magazine devoted to serious discussion of all Television aspects. Articles by Michael Barsley, A. J. P. Taylor, Robin Scott and Stephen Taylor. 2s. 6d. from bookshops and newsagents or 2s. 10d. post free from 6 Holly Mount, NW3.

CAREERS Encyclopedia (look up your own in it!) new and vastly interesting: authority on training, exams, prospects in 240 callings. Ed. Chaffe & Edmonds. 688 pages. only 15s. (posted 16s. 9d.) any bookseller 24 Feb., Cleaver-Hume Press, Wright's Lane, W8.

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27 Jan., 3 Feb.	Merry Widow
28 Jan.	Il Trovatore
29 Jan., 6 Feb.	Hansel & Gretel
30 Jan., 1, 5 and 7 Feb.	La Traviata
31 Jan., 8 Feb.	La Bohème
4 Feb.	Marriage of Figaro

POULENC. 'The Carmelites', intro. by Felix Aprahamian, illus. by members Covent Garden cast, Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, SW1, Sun 26 Jan. at 8 p.m. Partics.: Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Com. Wed. 29. 6. sub. Tu./Sn. 6.30. The Iceman Cometh. Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue, 5th edn. Fr. 2.30, Sun. fr. 4. Mems.

ROYAL Court. Slo. 1745. 7.30. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Joan Greenwood, 'Lysistrata'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. S. 5,8. 'Man, Beast and Virtue.' Wickedly Funny.

TOWER. 7.30. 7, 8, 9 (Mems.), 13, 14, 15 Feb. Turgenev's 'A Month in the Country'. New translation. CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. 'Robin Hood'. Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.45. Licensed bar. Mems.

CONCERTS

HAMPSTEAD Parish Church, Church Row, NW3. Saturday 25 January, at 8 p.m. Hampstead Choral Society. Purcell – Te Deum, Britten – St Nicolas, Alexander Young, Alfred Deller, Ralph Downes, Goldsbrough Orchestra. Conductor: Martin Sidwell. Programmes 5s at the Church on evening.

CARL Dolmetsch Recorder Recital, Wigmore Hall, Friday, 31 January, 6.30. With Joseph Saxby & Martin String Quartet. Handel, Babell, Stanley, Vivaldi, etc. New Gordon Jacob Suite. 3s. 6d. to 9s. Hall & at Chappells, New Bond St.

BACH-Vivaldi programme. Boyd Neel Orchestra (Philomusica of London), dir. Thurston Dart. Wed. 29 January at 5.45, Royal Festival Hall. Tickets 4s. WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. International Film Season. Première of 'Duped Till Doomsday' (A) (Germany).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., 25 Jan. Charlie Chaplin in 'The Pilgrim'. 3.00 6.00, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

ROXY. BAY. 2345. W/c 26 Jan. Paul Douglas, Bonar Colleano, Joe Macbeth, A; Dana Andrews, Assignment Paris, U.

RAMBLERS' Association Services Ltd., and Wings Ltd., invite you to the 1958 Holiday Re-Union at the Royal Festival Hall on Saturday 15 February 1958, from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dancing, films from Germany, Norway and Switzerland, Alphorn competition, etc. Tickets 5s. each, from 48, Park Road, NW1 or the Royal Festival Hall. Postal applications must include s.a. envelope.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. RAV. 2461. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Library. 25 Jan. 7.15. Experimental Films, incl. 'Un Chien Andalou'. Guests 3s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, 25 January, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

KANDINSKY. Paintings from the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 16 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. New Year Exhibition—An Annual Event. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 30 January.

GALLERY One, W1. GER. 3529. Denny (Mosaics), Carey (Stained Glass).

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings by Bruno Pulga. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 8 February. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED reproductions of famous paintings. Special discount for schools. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Five Painters: Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Square, WC2. Anderson, Brooks, Earle Wickham, Gerstl, Yeo.

TEA Centre: Exhibition of Poole Pottery. 24-31 Jan. 10.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. (excluding Sunday 26 Jan.), 1 Feb. 10.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Daily demonstrations of Pottery Painting.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings and Gouaches: John O'Connor. From 15 January.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W1. Contemporary Painters. Until 31 Jan. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St. Paintings Rivers of France also Sculptures 29 Jan.-22 Feb. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. The Brothers Rich (Paintings) and Madame Pigeaud (Enamels). Till 10 Feb. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Picture Lending Library.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENT. Lon. Fabian Soc. Roy Pryce: The European Coal and Steel Community. Wed., 29 Jan, 7.30. 57 Dean St, W1.

INDIA Republic Day: Celebration meeting, Monday 27 January, Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1, at 7.30 p.m. Admission free. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, MP. Speakers: Rt. Hon. the Earl Attlee, O.M., C.H., Sir Godfrey Nicholson, MP. Indian songs and music by the India Arts Society.

LABOUR Party members are invited to hear The Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell, CBE, MP, give the New Year Lecture on Tuesday, 28 January, at 7.30 p.m., in the Hoare Memorial Hall, Church House, Great Smith Street, Westminster, SW1. Tickets at 1s. 0d. each from London Labour Party, 258 Westminster Bridge Road, SE1. Please state Labour Party membership.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. H. J. Blackham: Party Government, 26 Jan. 7.15 p.m. Barclay House, 783 Finchley Rd (Nr Child's Hill).

HOWARD League. Gilbert Hair, Governor Wormwood Scrubs Prison on 'Local Prisons: The Beginning of Transformation'. 6.30 p.m., Mon. 27 Jan., Caxton Hall, SW1.

JUVENILE Delinquency. 10 lectures starting 24 January, on psychiatric, social work and administrative aspects. Fridays at 6.30 p.m. Fee: 12s. 6d. Details: Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency, 8, Bourdon St., W1. Mayfair 0632.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Textual Criticism and the Literary Critic' will be delivered by Professor Fredson Bowers (Virginia) at 5.30 p.m. on Jan. 30 at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on 'Historical References and Social History in Ballads and Folk-Songs' will be delivered by Sir Steuart Wilson (Principal of the Birmingham School of Music) at 5.30 p.m. on 28 January at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket.

NATURE into History. Five lecture-discussions on Thurs. at 6.30 p.m. beginning on 30 January. Leslie Paul with T.M. Heron in the Chair. St. Anne's Society, 57 Dean St. W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St., W1. Personal choice – Nigel Hunter, M.J.Q. – Survey by Bob Dawbarn. Monday 27 January, 8.15 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Undiscovered Country'. Is Cockney a dead or a living language? Are Council estates, factories, industrial slums, prisons and dance-halls a barren field for literature, or do they constitute a country which English novelists and playwrights have so far failed to discover? Speakers: John Braine, T. R. Fyvel, Michael Hastings, Peter Wildeblood. Chairman: John Hayward. Thursday, 30 January, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

'ISRAEL – 10 Years of Medical Achievement.' Lecture by Dr Meyer Makin (Jerusalem). Friends House (Garden Entrance), Euston Rd., NW1. Mon. 27 Jan. 8 p.m. Chair: Dr I. S. Fox. Arranged by Zion. Fed.

INTERNATIONAL Society for Socialist Studies. Open Conference on 'Socialism and the Power Blocs', Sat., 1 Feb., 11-6.30. Kingsway Hall (Rm 31), Kingsway, WC2. Tkts etc. 5s. from George Edwards, 10 Sommerville Gdns, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

SHAW Soc. Readings by Ellen Pollock, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 31 Jan. 7 p.m. Nonmems. 2s. 25 April: Lord Altrincham.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Special Meeting, Thurs. 30 Jan., 7.30, Homage to Gandhi: Mr Gene Sharp (Under Joint Auspices of the Fellowship of Friends of Truth). Fri. 31 Jan., 8.30. Mrs Mary Webber, 'The Modern Child'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington W2. All wel.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. Oda Slobodskaya evening postponed to Thursday, 27 Feb. Fri. 24 Jan., 8 p.m. precisely, Tchekov films. Fri. 31 Jan., 8 p.m., Evening in Memory of M. V. Dobujinsky. Speakers: Mme. Tamara Karsavina, Mme. Marie Rambert, Count Armfeld, Clive Carey, Arnold Haskell, Sir Cecil Kisch, S. Ossiakovsky, T. Preston, V. Tyszecki. Tues. 28 Jan., 8 p.m. at 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11 (Park 7696), Mrs C. Rabinovitch. 'The European Period of Russian Letters and Art' (in Russian).

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall. 7.45 p.m. Thursday, 30 January, 'On Happiness'. Admission free.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun., 26 Jan. 'Isis Unveiled'. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. J. B. Coates and Dr R. Fletcher on 'What do we mean by Christianity?' Thursday, 30 Jan. Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

AFRICAN Forum. C. James, W. Indian author: 'Passing Away of Colonialism', 7 p.m. 28 Jan. 32 Percy St (Tot. Ct Rd), W1.

J. G. BENNETT, author of 'The Dramatic Universe', etc. lectures on 'The Potentialities of SUBUD'. Has a new force entered the world? What is the action of this force on human life? Conway Hall, 3, 10, 17 Feb. Details from Lecture Secretary, Coombe Springs, Kingston-on-Thames.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 1 February at 6 p.m. Film: 'Ripening Seed' (French dialogue).

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Tuesday, 28 January, 7.15 p.m. T. B. Bottomore, MSc. 'Law and Order in Society'. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sunday 26 January, 11 a.m. India Independance Day. Vadakkan V. Alexander, BA. 'Religion and the Secular State in India'. Adm. free.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30, Sunday, 26 Jan. 32 Tavistock Sq, Euston. Discourse by J. Allen Skinner.

SWAMI Ghanananda, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Sun. 5 p.m. Kingly Yoga. All welc. Vedanta bi-monthly 2s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 29 Jan., 6.30 sharp: 'Gods', Bruce Gillett. Come to the Saturday Group, 1 Feb., 3 p.m., readings, discussion, tea: bring your problems. – Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Inf. TAT 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 26 Jan., 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., J. B. Coates: 'The Credos of the Angry Young Men'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and Demonstrations London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

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Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Application for second-class matter pending at the Post Office, New York. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d. foreign 2½d. Canada, 1d.